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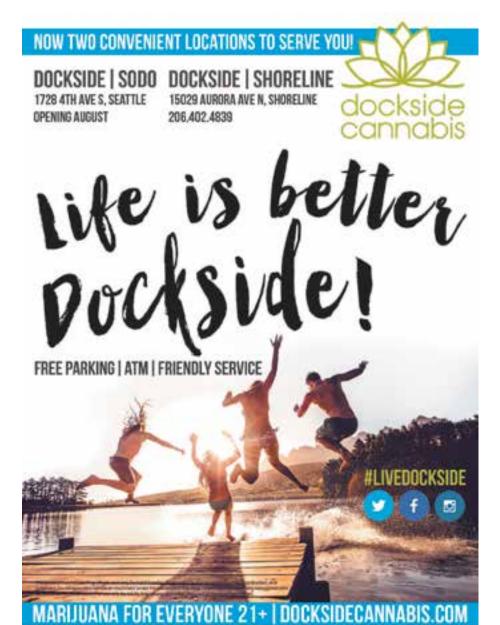
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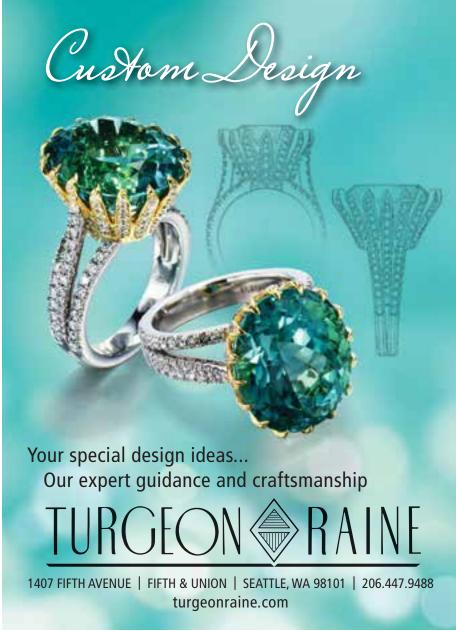
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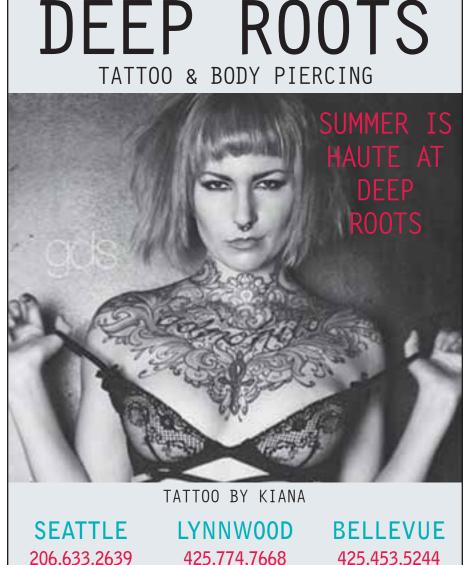




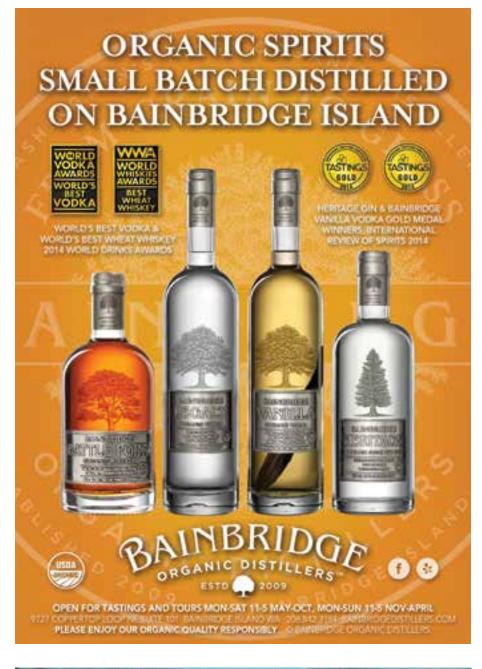














the Stranger

Volume 24, Issue Number 48 July 29–August 4, 2015



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Phenomena by **LILY PADULA** lilypadula.com

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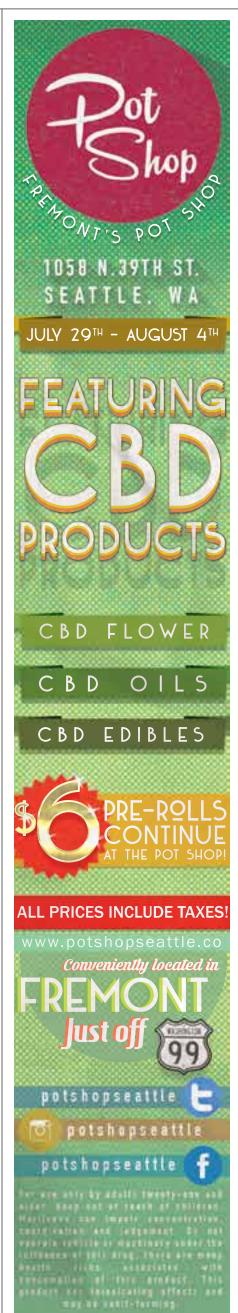
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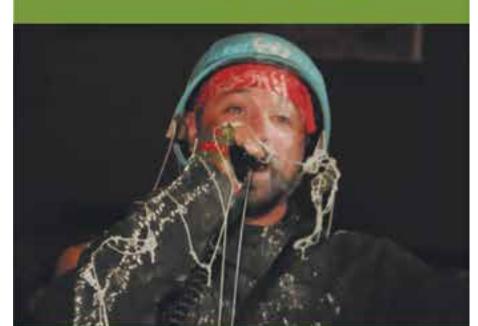
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MONDAY, JULY 20 This week of radio triumph, cinema tragedy, and a judicial review of things done by butts kicked off with a plunge into history—specifically, those 79 hours in early June when American culture was dominated by Rachel Dolezal, the allegedly African American woman who ascended to the head of the Spokane chapter of the NAACP before being publicly outed as a Caucasian. After inspir-

ing countless minutes of discussion about identity politics, modern minstrelsy, and fucked-up honky bullshit, Dolezal's twisty saga was soon enough relegated to the trivia bin, as headlines turned to fresh racist horrors occurring in Dallas,



REMEMBER

Charleston, and Donald Trump's mouth. So hurrah for Vanity Fair for sending writer Allison Samuels to provide an update on the woman who temporarily baffled, provoked, and fascinated the nation. "Dolezal's claim on black womanhood still seems to be non-negotiable," wrote Samuels. "Even in conversation with an actual black woman on the other end of the line or sitting in her cozy home. Dolezal unequivocally identifies as black." Dolezal told Samuels: "It's not a costume. I don't know spiritually and metaphysically how this goes, but I do know that from my earliest memories \boldsymbol{I} have awareness and connection with the black experience." Determined to present herself as a cogent living challenge to existing concepts of race, Dolezal instead comes off as a 21stcentury freak fit for $My\ Strange\ Addiction$. Congratulations, everyone.

I, ANONYMOUS

To submit an unsigned confession or accusation,



TO THE PEOPLE WHO **RAPED ME**

Six years later, having just now emerged from a crippling world of shame and fear, isolated from friends and avoiding the gaze of those who knew me then and may have heard I was raped, I would like to take a moment to address what happened and raise my eyes from the cracked and sordid pavement. To address the people who lured me, inebriated and stumbling, from the college party. You left me vulnerable—literally without identity—to the violent elements of this city. Wow, you are bad people. You're like intellectually, morally, and emotionally devolved forms of protohuman, seeking power through physically and spiritually crushing other people. I'm done spending my energy fearing you.

—Anonymous

TUESDAY, JULY 21 The week continued with a legal ruling connected to the communication-related occurrence known as the "butt-dial," wherein a cell phone is placed in a back pocket and accidentally activated by the movement of and pressure supplied by a human butt. Today's subject: James Huff, a Cincinnati man who sued a colleague for listening to his private phone conversation after an accidental butt-dial. "According to court documents, in 2013, James Huff, a board member of a Cincinnati airport, was discussing replacing the airport's CEO when he pocketdialed the second-worst person possible: not the CEO, but her assistant," reported Time. "The assistant, Carol Spaw, took notes and audio recordings, and shared a summary with the airport's board members." Today, a federal appeals court upheld a lower court ruling that Huff lost his right to privacy once his butt invited others to eavesdrop. "[Huff] is no different from the person who exposes in-home activities by leaving drapes open or a webcam on and therefore has not exhibited an expectation of privacy," read the ruling.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 22 Speaking of the accidental evil that butts do, the week continued in the foothills of Boise, Idaho. where today brought a wildfire caused by a bicyclist who had to poop. Details come from NBC News, which reported the unidentified cyclist "thought he was doing the right thing" by burning his soiled toilet paper post-poop. "But an ember flew into some dry grass and quickly spread out of control," reported NBC. "Authorities say [the] cyclist will be fined and could have to pay the full cost of extinguishing [the] 73-acre fire." As for the proper disposal of soiled waste paper in the wilderness: Either pack it out or bury that shit.

THURSDAY, JULY 23 In worse news, the week continued with a nightmare scenario in Seattle's International District, where early this morning police received a call about a shooting at Eighth Avenue South and South Lane Street and arrived to find Donnie Chin. the 59-vear-old director of the International District Emergency Center and irreplaceable pillar of the ID community, wounded by gunfire. "[Chin] was taken to Harborview Medical Center in critical condition," reported the Seattle Times. "He died a short time later. Police do not believe he was the intended target of the shooting." "People in the community are shocked, they are in disbelief," said Northwest Asian Weekly publisher Assunta Ng to the Times, noting that the person responsible for the shooting "probably has no idea" of Chin's prominence. Regarding that prominence, the Times wrote: "Chin had patrolled the streets of Chinatown-International District since he was in junior high school after finding that private ambulance companies were slow to respond to 911 calls, according to a 1991 Seattle Times story. The story recounted how Chin had the respect of medics, residents, and business owners and was welcomed when he responded to 911 calls that were relayed over his police scanner."

"We lost a hero," said the Asian Counseling and Referral Service in a statement, "We all loved and respected Donnie... He gave his life for our community, and we will never forget him."

• • Speaking of vital people shoved prematurely from life, today also brought tragedy to Lafavette, Louisiana, where another asshole

Huzzah! Welcomme to My Personal Renaissance Faire!

BY KEVIN OF WEDGWOOD

ings and queens! Maidens and wizards! Knights and knaves! Busty wenches! Welcomme to the verie firste Kevin's Personal Renaissance Faire, held in this, the year of Our Lord Two Thousand and Fifteene, in my backyarde.

As some mighte recalle, there was a matter of somme dispute at last Midsommer's Renaissance Faire in Bonney Lake, when certain fascistic brutes accused your humble servant of taking the jousting tournament "a little too seriously."

Thou canst place too high a price on the honour of the lance, says I. Alas, the dastardly sellswords forever banished me from their enchanted land. But the last laugh shall be mine own ere thrice the cock crows, when mine own Renaissance Faire shall be held here, in mine own backyarde (provideth said faire doth endeth no later than 10 p.m.).

Even Merlin himself wouldst be bewitched at the varietie of activities I hath made available! Beholde the Range of Archery, set to test the mettle of any arrowsmith (please bring your own Wii remote or crossbow)! Throw down the gauntlet at the lead figure painting conteste! Loosen thy inhibitions by downing a flagon of mead at Lancelot's Tayern in the garage! (Mayhap thou lusty courtesans shall feel thus emboldened to unloose thy constricting garments and dip thy toes in the Lake of Avalon, painstakinglie re-created by me in a poole of wading! Jesus, I would love that.)

Please note: There are no porta-privies at Kevin's Personal Renaissance Faire, I. Kevin of Wedgwood, shall consider all requests to use the indoor garderobe on a case-by-case baseth.

So go forthe! Be merrie! And let us prove to the blaggards of Bonney Lake that we need not go thither to have

(Confidential to Jason: Please don't show up on your moped dressed as Medieval Knievel again. That is notte cool.)

with a gun opened fire on an audience watching the \mathbf{Amy} $\mathbf{Schumer}$ \mathbf{rom} - \mathbf{com} $\mathbf{\mathit{Trainwreck}}$, \mathbf{kill} ing two people and wounding nine more before fatally shooting himself. The victims: Mayci Breaux, a 21-year-old honor student at Louisiana State University at Eunice, who was looking forward to marrying and starting a family with her longtime boyfriend (who was with Breaux at the movie and was nonfatally shot in the chest), and Jillian Johnson, a 33-yearold artist and designer who had created logos "for a generation of businesses, progressive organizations, and performers in the Louisiana city," as the $Washington\ Post$ reported. As for the dead killer: He was identified as John Russell Houser, a 59-year-old Alabama man with a history of mental illness and ostentatious bigotry (tweets expressing hate for liberals and love for the Westboro Baptist Church, a radio appearance advocating violence against abortion providers).

FRIDAY, JULY 24 Nothing happened today, unless you count the wonderful diversion from yesterday's shitty news provided by KEXP, the independent Seattle radio station that today devoted the whole of its broadcast

UNPACKED ON AIR

Beastie Boys' sampledelic masterwork Paul's Boutique—providing background info on the record's making. interviewing producers the Dust Brothers,

schedule to the

and playing every track sampled on the album in full. The result was a day of the best radio imaginable, with totemic tracks of various genres mingling indiscriminately and Funky Four Plus One's "That's the Joint" being played at least twice in its entirety. Yes, fans have been circulating torrents of the Paul's Boutique song arsenal for years, but hearing it come out of a city's radios for an entire day was something else. Thank you, KEXP, and please

get to work on a wintertime deconstruction of DJ Shadow's Endtroducing...

SATURDAY, JULY 25 Back to heartbreak: The week continued in Lisle, Illinois, where today hundreds of people from across the nation convened at the DuPage African Methodist Episcopal Church for the funeral of Sandra Bland, the 28-year-old woman who'd recently moved from Illinois to Texas for a job at her alma mater and wound up dead in a jail cell after a traffic stop. "An autopsy report released Friday found that Bland, who died July 13 in a Waller County Jail cell, used a plastic trash bag to hang herself three days after a confrontational traffic stop on a street northwest of Houston," reported the Chicago Tribune. "Bland's family has questioned the findings, saying she was excited about starting a new job and wouldn't have taken her own life." For a final word, we turn to Chicago resident and funeral attendee Hank Brown, who told the Tribune: "I don't know Sandra, and I don't know what happened. But I do know she didn't have to die. There's an epidemic of police terror in this country, and people need to stand up."

SUNDAY, JULY 26 The week ended with a ton of stuff, including a candlelight march through the International District in honor



GAME OVER

of Donnie Chin, a soggy Sunday at the Capitol Hill Block Party, an end to the suffering of Bobbi Kristina Brown. and the publication of New York magazine's comprehensive dossier of Cosby accusers (which we'll discuss next week). ■

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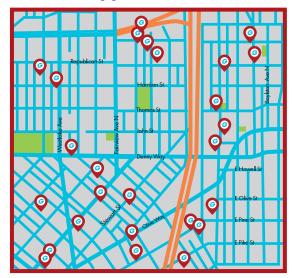




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THE DECEMBER 6 BLACK LIVES MATTER PROTEST An arrest that day could put a protester—and one cop's history—on trial.

How the Trial of a Black Lives Matter Protester Could Become a **Dive into One Cop's Turbulent Past**

The Key Witness for the Prosecution Is an Officer with a History of Troubles

BY BRENDAN KILEY

n the afternoon of December 6, in the middle of a Black Lives Matter march through downtown Seattle, a young man named John Raymond Loranger was tackled and

arrested for allegedly kicking an officer in her shins. But if his case goes forward, he might not be the only one on trial.

The sole witness and arresting officer, Robert Mahoney, has left a long and problematic paper trail during his 16 years with the Seattle Police Department. During an investigation into allegations that he "forcibly" tonguekissed a high-school senior who was part of the SPD's Explorer program—an investigation that nearly got Mahoney fired—the city attorney's office described Mahoney as "vindictive," "predatory," and "aggressive."

"Throughout the investigation," the city attorney wrote in 2009, "Mahoney has demonstrated a consistently reckless disregard for the truth." In other words, the city's key witness against a Black Lives Matter protester is an officer the city has had a hard time trusting. (Asked whether the SPD currently trusts Mahoney, spokesperson Sean Whitcomb would only say, "The employee in question is still performing his normal assignment.")

In her report about the December 6 demonstration, Officer Tabitha Sexton wrote that she was on bicycle patrol, riding alongside demonstrators, when she was separated from her team and jostled off her bicycle. After walking a short distance, she "felt someone push me from behind and then someone used their leg and kicked me across the shins from my left side." She couldn't see who'd kicked her, or whether the blow was an attack or an accident—according to officer reports and eyewitness accounts, it was a chaotic afternoon with police estimating between 2,000and 3,000 demonstrators on the streets.

But Officer Robert Mahoney claims he saw

the 26-year-old Loranger "violently soccer kick" Sexton across both legs. In his report, Mahoney wrote that he grabbed Loranger, who allegedly pulled away, and then tackled and arrested him. "I then heard Loranger say something to the effect of, 'Give me a break, you are fucking kidding me," Mahoney wrote, "as if he did not regard pushing and viciously kicking Officer Sexton as a 'big deal.' I told him I was not 'kidding.""

If convicted, Loranger, a graduate of Whitman College who has worked for the Whitman admissions office as well as organic farms in the state, faces up to 364 days in jail. But, in preparation for Loranger's trial, attorney Neil Fox has amassed a substantial file on Mahoney's past credibility issues that might compromise his testimony. (Full disclosure: Last year, Fox represented The Stranger before the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals in a case about grandjury secrecy rules. *The Stranger* won that case.) Loranger's trial could become a deep dive into sticky professional and personal drama within the Seattle Police Department.

Among Fox's findings, which he compiled from publicly available records and shared with The Stranger: In 2006, Mahonev's ex-girlfriend, Siolotuma Thompson, and her fiancé sought a restraining order against Mahoney, claiming he had threatened to kill both of them and dislocated Thompson's shoulder during an argument. Several of Thompson's coworkers submitted legal declarations accusing Mahoney of abusive behavior, including repeated late-night phone calls while she was at work, making threats, and calling her "cunt," "slut," and "lying whore." Mahoney disputed all this in court, and called character witnesses such

as Sergeant Alvin Little (more on him later) to vouch for his "high ethical standards and moral character." In the end, Mahoney settled for a "civil restraining" order that limited him to contacting his ex-girlfriend only via e-mail. and only regarding their son, but would allow him to keep his firearm rights so he could continue to work as a police officer.

In 2009, Officer Mahoney was suspended for 30 days without pay after the city determined he'd kissed the high-school student. According to the city attorney's office, Mahoney and the young woman in question were alone at an SPD training facility when he "kissed her twice near the mouth... Mahoney then asked her for a 'real kiss,' kissed her on the lips, and put his tongue into her mouth.' Mahoney, the city attorney's office wrote. then "lied" about the incident "in all three OPA [Office of Professional Accountability]

The city's key witness against a Black Lives Matter protester is an officer the city has had a hard time trusting.

interviews." He called Officer Sexton, the one who was allegedly kicked at the Black Lives Matter march, as a character witness. He and Officer Susanna Monroe, who the city believes was his "then-undisclosed girlfriend," tried to discredit the high-school student as "manipulative, flirtatious, gossipy, and dramatic." (Officer Monroe now works in the OPA.)

Mahoney also framed the investigation as a conspiracy against him. He turned on Sergeant Little, who'd supported him during the

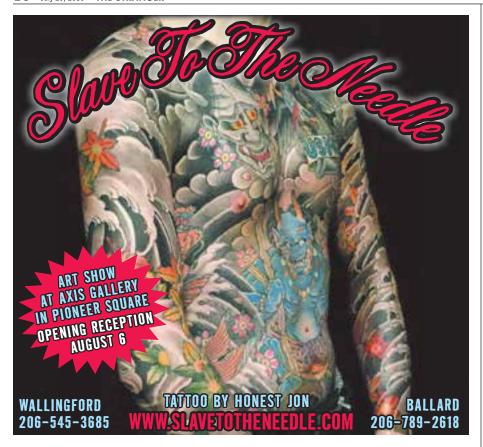
restraining-order drama in 2006 but became involved in the 2008 kissing investigation when he forwarded the student's complaint to the OPA. During that process, Mahoney filed a complaint with the state Labor and Industries Office, accusing Little of "corruption" and claiming he'd made "a fraudulent L&I claim" for a torn Achilles tendon back in 2003—three years before the restraining-order drama and six years before the kissing investigation. Mahoney, the city attorney wrote, also "asserted that his captain in the training unit and Chief [Gil] Kerlikowske were retaliating against him because of unhappiness over Mahoney's advocacy of the use of force by police officers... Mahoney's unbelievable amalgamation of conspiracies is self-defeating and casts serious doubt on his fidelity to facts and truth."

A 2009 Seattle Times article reported that Chief Kerlikowske was planning to fire Mahoney, but settled on the 30-day suspension after the city attorney's office said it would be difficult to justify the firing because there were no independent witnesses to the kiss. (Though city attorneys stressed in multiple court briefs that they believed the high-school student's account, writing that throughout the process, she "was significantly more credible than Officer Mahoney.")

Last year, Mahoney became the lead plaintiff in an ongoing lawsuit against the SPD, the city, the mayor, US attorney general Eric Holder, and others, claiming that the department's new use-of-force policy-settled on after the Department of Justice investigation-infringes on his and other officers' 'right to use force" under the Constitution. (Officer Sexton, who Loranger is accused of kicking at the protest, and who Mahoney called as a character witness during the kissing case, is a co-plaintiff.) A federal district court judge dismissed the suit as meritless in October, but Mahoney and around 100 other officers have appealed to the Ninth Circuit, where the case is still pending.

Throughout his career, Mahoney has been an advocate for force: He's worked as a defensive tactics trainer, accused Chief Kerlikowske of retaliation over his advocacy of force during the kissing investigation, and is now suing the department over use-of-force restrictions. During the December 6 march, Mahoney pepper-sprayed one of its legal observers but justified himself in his use-of-force report, writing that the man's "self-proclaimed 'Legal Observer' status appears to be little more than a cover and ruse for committing and facilitating criminal activity during demonstrations... this particular 'observer' is a serious threat to officer safety." (There is footage of the pepperspraying incident on YouTube. It's a brief clip, but the legal observer seems to be doing nothing besides filming officers with his phone when he's sprayed.) No trial date has been set for the Loranger case yet, but Fox is still digging for more discovery files on Officer Mahoney's past. The next hearing, at which municipal court judge Judith Hightower will decide how much more discovery Fox is entitled to, will take place in late August. "The city wants to stigmatize and punish Mr. Loranger because it claims he committed a crime during a protest against police violence," Fox wrote in one of his motions for discovery. "The main witness against Mr. Loranger—Officer Mahoney—may be exactly the type of officer against whom Mr. Loranger and others were protesting."

The Seattle Police Department did not respond to requests for comment from Mahoney, Sexton, Little, and Monroe. Citing a policy against commenting on ongoing legal matters, SPD spokesperson Whitcomb also declined to offer any statement about Mahoney or the Loranger case beyond his answer to the question of whether the SPD currently trusts Mahoney. That answer, again, was "The employee in question is still performing his normal assignment."









MAKING IT RAIN Campaign finance reform Initiative 122, which will be on the fall ballot, seeks to give everyone in Seattle up to \$100 in "democracy vouchers." Opponents have a lot to say about the idea. Is any of it true?

Fact-Checking the Fight Against Campaign Finance Reform in Seattle

A newly formed opposition group claims public campaign financing will only make Seattle elections worse. But are their claims accurate?

BY HEIDI GROOVER

couple weeks back, the Seattle City Council voted to send a new plan for campaign finance reform to the November ballot. Initiative 122 would give all Seattle voters four \$25 "democracy vouchers," for a total of \$100 they could donate to candidates running for city office. The initiative would also put new limits on campaign donations

Council Member Mike O'Brien praised it as a way to "transform how we elect people in this city.'

Fifteen minutes later, political consultant Sandeep Kaushik sent out a feverish press release calling the initiative a "cockamamie" idea that will "make our elections more prone to abuse, corruption, and special interest politicking.

In the run-up to November, get ready for a lot more of that. Kaushik is working with a new group opposing the initiative. While it's still unclear who will be bankrolling that effort, the talking points so far are based on speculation. Let's look at just two of them.

1. Opponents say the \$3-million-a-year levy to fund the voucher system won't be nearly enough.

About 415,000 people are registered to vote in Seattle, according to the Sightline Institute. If they all got and spent \$100 in vouchers each, that would total a massive \$41.5 million in public money for campaigns.

But that's not how it works. It's how much candidates spend—not the number of registered voters—that determines the cost of the program. Spending is capped. Mayoral candidates participating in the system can't spend more than \$800,000. The limit for citywide council candidates is \$300,000, and candidates for district council seats and city attorney are capped at \$150,000. (Only half of those amounts can be spent during the primary.)

Say six people run for mayor, eight people for two citywide council seats, and four people for city attorney. And say that even though they'll also be allowed to take regular cash donations, they all reach their maximum spending limits using only vouchers. That totals about \$6 million. At \$3 million a year, the levy raises \$6 million for every election cycle; anything left over from less competitive races rolls over to the next election.

But as the initiative backers point out, not every candidate will participate, candidates won't get all their money from vouchers, and not every registered voter will use their vouchers. Not every registered voter even votes: Only 53 percent of Seattle voters cast a ballot in the city's hotly contested 2013 general election.

Alan Durning, director of the Sightline

Institute (which supports the plan and has done financial modeling for it), estimates that elections are more likely to cost around \$4 million in public money. If his estimates are off, the initiative gives the city's ethics commission the ability to alter the caps or how much the vouchers are worth.

2. The opposition claims public financing will actually increase sketchy outside money in local elections.

Kaushik says he thinks the initiative, which lowers the cap on all regular campaign donations from \$700 to \$500, will only encourage special interests to spend their money on independent expenditures instead. Those expenditures are organized by outside groups and have no limits.

"You're not going to eliminate money from politics," Kaushik says. "You're going to push that money into those shadowy independent expenditure committees."

But the initiative includes a release valve meant to discourage shadowy independent expenditures from overwhelming a particular race. If one candidate benefits from an independent expenditure that, combined with the money they've already raised, exceeds their spending cap, their opponent can be free of his or her spending cap too. To initiative backers, that will discourage special interests from dropping a bunch of money into a race because they know their opponents will benefit from that by being able to raise more. To Kaushik, it will amount to "double dipping" because candidates can reach their spending limits with vouchers and then be freed from those limits once independent expenditures show up for their opponent.

Kaushik also claims the release valve will make the program more expensive. He argues both that Sightline is underestimating the number of candidates who will run and that all the candidates who do run will be able to reach their spending limits in vouchers alone. For a mayoral candidate to reach their spending limit in vouchers alone, he or she would have to convince 8,000 voters to hand over all four \$25 vouchers, giving none to candidates in other races. Yes, voters will be more likely to donate vouchers than actual cash, but collecting all those vouchers will take a lot of doorbelling and groundwork. It's not impossible, but it won't be doable for every long-shot contender in every race.

Even if Kaushik's nightmare scenario happens, Durning says, "So what?" Candidates would still be raising big sums of money from regular people all over the city—people who may not normally be involved in the political process at all. And that's the whole point.

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The Stranger does not make endorsements in uncontested races or races we forgot.

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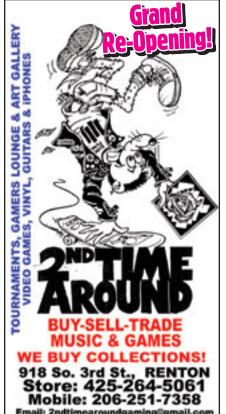


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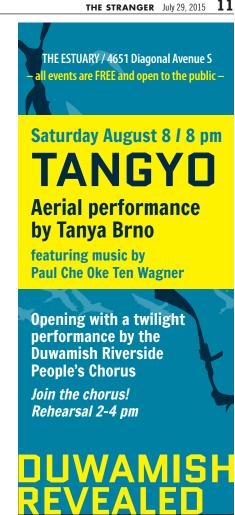
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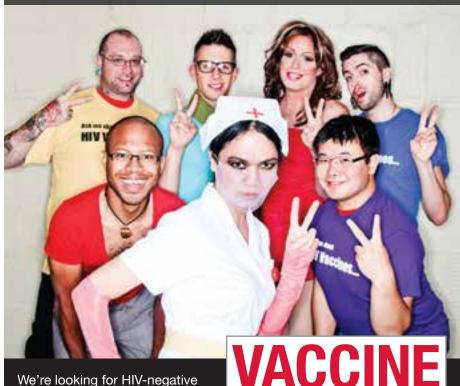
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HIDDEN REASON BEHIND SEATTLE'S SKYROCKETING HOUSING COSTS

It Costs an Estimated \$20,000 to \$50,000 to Construct a Single Parking Space, and We're All Paying for That | By Kathleen Richards



VELO APARTMENTS IN FREMONT Although the building was marketed as bike-friendly and has a bicycle incorporated into its logo, the developer waited until parking spaces went unused before it decided to build more bike storage

eattle is in the midst of a housing crisis. Politicians are arguing in public debates about rent control. Growth is booming, and rents are skyrocketing. More than 100,000 people are expected to move here over the next 20 years. As of May 2015, the average rent for a one-bedroom apartment in Seattle was \$1,501-an increase of 11 percent over the previous six months, according to RentJungle.com. More than half of Seattle renters pay more than one-third of their income in rent. At this pace, we're on track to become a metropolis for the ultra-wealthy.

The lack of affordable housing in Seattle has been blamed on factors such as the absence of rent control and the fact that about 65 percent of the city is zoned for single-family housing. But there's an often-overlooked reason that's also exacerbating the affordability problem: cars-or, specifically, the cost associated with parking them.

The cost of building one parking stall in residential garages is estimated to be between \$20,000 and \$50,000. This can add several hundred thousand to millions of dollars to a project, depending on the size of the building and other factors. Parking also takes up precious space where more housing units could be built. Developers build parking because the city requires them to and/or because they believe the market demands it.

But all evidence points to the fact that we build too much parking. Even in areas of the city where buildings aren't required to have off-street parking spaces, developers still construct them. And many of these parking spaces go unused—more than 30 percent in apartment buildings constructed after 2008 are empty at night, according to a 2013 report by the Sightline Institute.

Who's paying for these parking spots? We all are. Even people who don't have cars.

Developers rarely—if ever—recoup the

costs of their investments in parking spaces through fees. So landlords pass on this exorbitant expense to their tenants through rent. Their losses on parking can add up to roughly 15 percent of monthly rents, or \$246 per month for each occupied apartment, according to Sightline's report. In Portland, Oregon, a 2012 study found that garage parking would lead to rent that was as much as \$500 higher per month in a typical low-rise apartment development. This would be true whether or not you have a car.

"All the negative effects of parking quotas are hidden," Alan Durning, executive director of the Sightline Institute, told me in an interview. "The benefits are clear in the form of free parking to the person parking the car, and the costs are distributed among everyone else and are hidden in other people's bills."

There's also evidence that off-street parking worsens economic disparity and gentrification and hurts public transportation options (to say nothing of the traffic and environmental implications related to encouraging people to own cars). Seth Goodman at ReinventingParking.org notes that parking construction costs are the same within urban areas, regardless of whether the building is a luxury high-rise or modest apartments, so lower-income residents are disproportionately impacted by parking costs.

Plus, low-income residents are less likely to own cars, but they still have to subsidize other people's cars.

Although Seattle has taken steps to minimize or eliminate parking requirements over the years, affordable-housing advocates believe the city should go even further.

Recently, Mayor Ed Murray's Housing Affordability and Livability Agenda (HALA) submitted its final recommendations for improving affordable housing in Seattle. Among its proposals are more reductions and removals of off-street parking requirements—particularly for multiunit buildings and, possibly, for all single-family homes and smaller-format housing such as cottages and duplexes. "Off-street parking requirements or quotas have a large impact on the financial viability of new housing for both market and affordable housing development," the report states. "Parking quotas act as density limits, inflate the average size and price of housing units, and prevent some smaller properties from being developed altogether."

But Seattle's political leaders will likely face an intense battle if they try to increase multifamily housing or remove more parking requirements—especially from NIMBYs who resent the rapid growth that's happening in Seattle and want to prevent it from spilling into their quiet, low-density neighborhoods.

"The planners and the government agencies, they know that the parking requirements are stupid, but their political bosses are under intense pressure from neighbors to keep the requirements in place," said Durning, who's also a member of the HALA committee. "No one advances their political career by working on parking."

But if Seattle hopes to truly tackle its housing problem, convincing people to break their attachment to their cars—and the ease with which they can park them—will have to be part of the solution.

ff-street parking requirements in Seattle first appeared in 1950, when the city began getting rid of streetcar lines and cars became more ubiquitous, according to Mike Podowski, the city's land use policy manager. In most areas of the city, the off-street parking requirement is generally one space per dwelling unit. This includes single-family homes, artist's studios, caretaker's quarters, cottage housing developments, floating homes, and some ▶









■ multifamily units.

But the parking requirements established $\,$ by municipalities are largely arbitrary, says Durning. "They are totally bogus. There is no science at all. Jurisdictions kind of copy each other, but there is no basis, no empirical analysis.

Seattle actually recognized this fairly early on. Parking requirements for downtown housing were eliminated in 1985, and that policy was extended to housing in urban centers and urban villages in 2007, 2011, and 2012. (Urban centers and urban villages take up 36.5 percent of total city land. Multifamily units that are outside of urban villages and centers but that are close to a frequent transit stop are eligible for a 50 percent parking requirement reduction, although a hearing examiner recently limited what's considered a frequent transit stop.)

But developers usually build parking anyway—for a variety of reasons I'll get to.

Most of what we know about parking's impacts on a city come from Donald Shoup, a professor of urban planning at the University of California, Los Angeles who's considered the foremost expert on parking. His 2005 book, The High Cost of Free Parking, made the case that "free" parking is never, in fact, free. In the 2014 book Parking: Issues and Policies, Shoup writes: "City planners should begin to consider minimal, not minimum, parking requirements. 'Minimal' means barely adequate, or the smallest possible number, depending on the context.'

While national data on parking's impacts is widely available, local statistics have been harder to come by. That changed a few years ago, when King County Metro was awarded a grant by the Federal Highway Administration to "better understand how off-street parking influences rider potential" in King County, said Chris O'Claire, Metro's manager for strategy and performance.

Looking at more than 200 multifamily properties in King County during a ninemonth period, Metro found that, on average, there were about 1.4 parking stalls per dwelling unit, but that only about one stall was being used. (Usage was determined based on vacancy rates during the night, the time of peak parking demand.)

"What was most interesting to us, after we reviewed about 100 independent variables we identified a number of things that might influence parking utilization—we found that the amount of transit service provided to a particular parcel had the most influence on parking use," said Daniel Rowe, transportation planner for Metro and project manager

In other words, the more transit options a person had access to, the less likely he or she would be to park (and, presumably, own) a car. Rowe said this finding was consistent across the county.

Using its data, Metro created an online tool in February 2012 called the King County Right Size Parking Calculator (rightsize parking.org) to estimate parking use for multifamily developments so that "cities can regulate development in [a] way that meets local and regional goals and developers can build more housing near transit and sell it for less," according to its website. In Seattle, the appropriate amount of parking recommended in the core areas of downtown, Capitol Hill, Queen Anne, Fremont, and the University District is .5 to just less than one parking space per dwelling unit.

The Right Size Parking Project looked at two approaches to regulating parking: a market-based approach (in which the developer bases parking construction on what's necessary to make the project marketable) and a context-based approach (in which sitespecific factors such as surrounding land uses, transit service, and walkability are considered).

Rowe said after performing a national review of best practices, Metro decided to advocate for both approaches. "The market-based approach, after reviewing the literature, is the one that's recommended to achieve the best balance between parking demand and parking supply," said Rowe. "That's what Seattle has been doing for many years now in urban centers."

But the problem with relying on developers in the market-based approach is that their estimates of the market are sometimes wrong. For example, Metro's report notes that in Ballard's urban center, where there are no parking requirements, "all of the recent large-scale multifamily developments have included parking anyway, typically in the range of 1 to 1.5 stalls per unit."

To be fair, Metro's report came out a couple of years ago, and a lot has changed since then. Also, projects take years to develop, so initial developer estimates may not have fully anticipated Seattle's unprecedented growth spurt.

More recent data suggests developers are beginning to learn from their past mistakes-well, sort of. According to a recent city analysis, 75 percent of the 219 new developments built since 2012 in areas where no parking is required provide parking anyway. But they're building less than they used to. The average amount of parking in construction projects built since 2012 is about .55 spaces per dwelling unit.

"In parts of the city where we eliminated the off-street parking requirement, like Capitol Hill and close to downtown, where a huge area of the new apartment construction is going on, developers are deciding for themselves based on estimation of total profits of the building, and the result of those calculations is they're putting in fewer parking spaces than previous generations of buildings," said Durning.

But at Velo Apartments—a new, 171unit, fully leased building located at 3635 Woodland Park Avenue North in Seattle's Fremont area—just 100 out of 128 parking stalls have been rented, according to Rob Hackleman, associate development and asset manager for Mack Urban, which developed the building. Using the estimated \$20,000to-\$50,000 per-stall calculation, that's about \$560,000 to \$1.4 million worth of unnecessary parking spaces. Ironically, Velo Apartments is marketed as "bike-friendly," with "bike-focused amenities" and close access to the Burke-Gilman Trail. The development's logo includes an old-fashioned bicycle, and its website states, "Your Ride Starts Here." Hackleman said five unused parking stalls were converted to create more bike storage because the existing bike storage wasn't enough to meet demand.

Developers pass off some of the costs of parking spaces to tenants, but evidence suggests they don't fully recoup their expense. In a 2013 analysis by the Sightline Institute of 23 Seattle-area multifamily housing developments, "Who Pays for Parking?" (which used data from Metro's Right Size Parking Project, looking only at apartment buildings constructed after 2008), no development surveyed was able to generate enough parking fees to cover the cost of building, operating, and maintaining its parking spaces.

"We build [parking spaces] because it's what tenants want and need, but we're not making a ton of money on them on a persquare-foot basis compared to the cost," said Hackleman.

Hackleman admitted that building fewer parking spaces would translate to lower construction costs, which "could justify lower rents." But he worries that failing to provide enough parking would jeopardize the viability of his developments. Even though Hackleman notes that his company built more parking than was necessary at Velo Apartments and another nearby complex, "We tend to see that as better than too little parking because some people won't rent there if they can't park," he said.

And by "some people," he means rich people. "If you're not providing any parking, then you're going after a different demographic," Hackleman continued. "They probably pay less rent."

Of course, having lower-income tenants wouldn't be viewed as negative if the developer was able to recoup its costs by not building as much parking. (There's also the question of whether developers would lower rents even if they could afford to.) But parking isn't always up to the developer or the city.

"Lenders—people who finance big projects—are sometimes out of date," said Durning. "Even if there's not a parking requirement, the lenders sometimes require parking, and they just use formulas [to determine how much parking should be provided]."

Neither of the two developers I spoke to—Rob Hackleman of Mack Urban and Matt Griffin of Pine Street Group, both of whom have developed residential properties—said they had experienced this. But Griffin did say that, in general, lenders tend to be less forward-thinking than developers.

"The lenders tend to not be as progressive, and their case is 'I don't care what it costs' and 'I'm only gonna tell you what I'll lend you. If it costs more, that's tough, it's your problem."

Still, Griffin agreed that, in general, developers are shortsighted. "People tend to build for the way we lived in the last decade as opposed to the way we're going to live in the next decade," he said. "I think everyone knows we're going to be less car-dependent."

f we're to live in a less-car-dependent future, we'll certainly need less parking. But despite the evidence showing how offstreet parking increases housing costs and encourages people to use their cars, there's significant opposition to removing off-street parking requirements by those who live in single-family-zoned areas.

"The reason the parking requirements exist is the neighbors demand it," said Durning. "It's entirely political. There's no economic justification or urban planning justification of parking."

In a Seattle Times article about HALA's proposed changes to Seattle's off-street parking rules, Eastlake Community Council president Chris Leman complained about how the removal of off-street parking has affected on-street parking—the most common complaint about removing off-street parking quotas. Eastlake is considered an urban village and thus does not have parking quotas. "It's been a disaster for us," he told the Times. "We would not wish it on other parts of the city. Parking is absolutely essential to a working neighborhood."

However, studies have shown that cars are not necessarily the best economic drivers. A 2011 study in Portland, Oregon, by the Oregon Transportation Research and Education Consortium found that "people arriving by bus, bike or on foot average more trips per month to convenience stores, supermarkets, drinking establishments and restaurants than do people arriving by car. They also spend more per month at all types of establishments except supermarkets, where the auto users' greater spending per trip balances out their fewer trips."

Durning acknowledges that getting neighbors on board to remove parking quotas is a huge challenge. In fact, he says, it's useless to try to convince them. Instead, he thinks we should pay them.

"It's not effective to talk neighbors into accepting more competition for street parking," said Durning. "It's better to bribe them."

Durning is advocating for creating parking benefit districts (one of the possible "innovative" solutions mentioned in HALA's report). The concept is similar to community benefit districts, in which property owners decide to tax themselves to pay for various services such as street cleaning and security. In parking benefit districts, the city charges for curb parking in neighborhoods, via either meters or parking badges, then gives that money (or some of it) back to the neighbor-

"The magic of that is it breaks apart the local political coalition," Durning explained. "In some California cities, they have parking improvement districts in urban areas, revenue comes back to the community council, and they can use it for whatever they want. Those people then stop arguing, they stop pushing for off-street parking. It's in their interest to have scarce off-street parking because then they make more money. Then we can cut the Gordian knot of parking politics."

Durning suggests a pilot project on a single street would be a good place to start. But how do you convince cities to give up precious parking revenue?

In San Diego, Durning says, the city established a baseline of revenue it had been receiving in the neighborhood, and then allowed the neighborhood to extend meter hours or charge more for resident parking passes and keep any additional revenue that they generated. In Pasadena, the city just gave the neighbors all the money.

Durning says Seattle makes \$40 million to \$60 million per year in parking-meter revenue, "so the city council is unlikely to just hand over the money to community councils. But they might be willing to hand over part of it."

Another HALA proposal is to reduce parking requirements in multifamily zones outside of urban villages and centers, if they're served by frequent transit or if the housing is near other services or community resources.

Griffin of Pine Street Group believes we should eliminate minimum parking requirements altogether and let the market dictate how much parking to build. (He said he and his wife got rid of their cars when they moved downtown.) In 2001, Pine Street Group renovated a 100-year-old building at Fourth Avenue and Pike Street, which had no parking. "When we told people there wasn't any parking, people thought we were nuts," said Griffin. "But we had no problem [leasing the apartmentsl."

At one of Pine Street Group's newer apartment buildings in downtown, Via6, 400 off-street parking spots were built for 650 units, or .65 stalls per dwelling unit. Griffin said parking can be built more efficiently at large sites such as Via6. Still, he said, if you factor in the estimated cost of \$50,000 per parking stall (\$20 million for 400 stalls), the rent for those stalls covers only about half the cost of building them. "So there's about \$10 million of cost that got spread over 650 units." (If you're not good at math, that's about \$15,384 of added cost per unit.)

However, Griffin added, what developers charge to rent an apartment has less to do with a building's cost than it does with what the market is willing to pay. So it's not like a landlord can always rely on passing on the entire cost of its parking construction to its tenants. "What it does mean is that people who are worried about it will build less apartments because they're worried about recouping the cost," said Griffin.

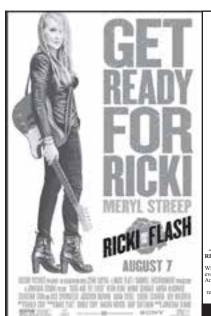
Or they could simply build less parking.













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YUSEF EL GUINDI

"El Guindi says: 'My plays are quintessentially American, in that they're about that journey of coming to America and trying to make a home of it.' Still, some theaters continue to treat him as that pernicious token, the 'ethnic' playwright."

- Brendan Kilev

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'Do I Sound Gay?'

Do I Sound Gay? reminds me a bit of another thoughtful documentary in which Dan Savage makes a cameo—Unhung Hero. Both docs tackle a singular question: In Unhung, a man turns the camera on himself to address the **question of penis size**. In Do I Sound Gay?, a journalist named David Thorpe goes on a personal quest, evaluating patterns of speech in queer fellows (and the sometimes-phenomenon of internalizing homophobia because of "sounding gay"). Along with Savage, Thorpe discusses the issue with George Takei, David Sedaris, Tim Gunn, and the always-amazing Margaret Cho. (Northwest Film Forum, 1515 12th Ave, nwfilmforum.org, 8 pm, \$11, all ages, through July 30) KELLY O

'Out of Sight' Grand Opening



A great big international art fair is landing in Seattle this weekend (see Friday's Suggest), and Out of Sight is the great big response of a hundred local artists. They're showing their best works, and their "gallery" is a raw upper floor of King Street Station—a place that's gorgeous and lightfilled and has never been seen by the public. This entire thing will be a very good trip, and you owe it to your local artists to come out. Tonight's party includes Derek

Erdman spinning records, a Doug Newman slide show, a set by Mal De Fleur, and "endurance performances" by Alice Gosti. (King Street Station, 303 S Jackson St, strangertickets.com, 7 pm, \$50, 21+, exhibit open through Aug 2) JEN GRAVES

Seattle Art Fair

An art fair is a bizarre little universe where galleries from all over the world come to show art in booths. This one is not one of the biggest in the world, but it's bigger than the football field near where it's located, the one where the Seahawks play, and it's sponsored by billionaire Seahawks owner Paul Allen. It will be **fascinating anthropology**—oh, and a major spectacle. Sixty galleries, three days, and this is the inaugural. You'll not only get to see what socialites buy, you'll also see New York's biggest galleries stacked against Seattle's, and that's unprecedented. (CenturyLink Field Event Center, 800 Occidental Ave S, seattleartfair.com, 11 am-7 pm, \$20 one day/\$35 three-day pass, through Aug 2) JEN GRAVES

Hoodstock 8 - MUSIC/FOOD



Hoodstock—founded by the late, great, all-black-female punk band NighTraiN—is simply the best small music festival/big ol' house party around. Think of it as a family-reunion-style barbecue filled with grown folks, young folks, good vibes, diverse music, and cheap food and drinks. This year's acts include acoustic soul singer Fysah, Afro new-wave duo Future Shock, and, as always, national treasure DJ Riz. Tha Def Chef (aka rapper Maineack) will also

be present, slinging soul food. The whole thing will be, to borrow the name of one of Hoodstock's producers, POC as Fuck. (MLKy Way House, Central District, 3–10 pm, \$10 suggested donation, all ages) ANGELA GARBES



'The Matrix'

The two great science-fiction films of the 1990s are Gattaca and The Matrix. The former imagined a society that replaced capitalism with genecentricism, and the latter, a society that replaced real capitalism with virtual capitalism. In The Matrix, humans live in a society that has exploitive corporations, mean bosses, drug addicts, and homeless people, but this society is a massive computer simulation. In short, The Matrix is the best cinematic

representation we have of life in our age—the age of financial (or fictitious) capital. The film also has lots of kickass martial-arts sequences. (Central Cinema, 1411 21st Ave, central-cinema.com, 9:30 pm, \$8 adv/\$10 DOS, all ages, July 31-Aug 4) CHARLES MUDEDE

Tinariwen - Music



"Desert rock" is a phrase that gets thrown around sometimes by music critics to denote an arid, bluesy sound, heavy on reverb, distortion, and psychedelic touches. Forget all that: Malian ensemble Tinariwen make the real deal. Formed by a group of nomadic Tuareg rebels at the dawn of the '80s, the sprawling collective has understandably

changed ranks a few times over the past 35 years, but its core sound of charred guitars, incantatory vocals, and snaking grooves still thrums unmistakably with the vast, alien beauty of the dunes. These guys bring the heat. (Neptune Theatre, 1303 NE 45th St, stgpresents.org, 8 pm, \$23.50, all ages) KYLE FLECK

'Being Naked' - THEATER



For almost 20 years, solo performer Maria Glanz has been experimenting with variations on this theme: She rushes onto a stage, ramps up for a striptease while a young drummer beats a jazzy rhythm, and then pauses for an hour to talk about the politics of nudity. Naked has undergone title changes and revisions, but this version—at Cafe Nordo's new spot in Pioneer Square—is her best yet. Glanz discusses personal humiliations (old and new), triumphs (ditto), legal battles to cover or uncover flesh, and shifting attitudes about nudity and movie stars. Seattle needs more happy-hour theater in general: Instead of dinner and a show, how about a show and then dinner? (Nordo's Culinarium, 109 S Main St, cafenordo.com, 6:30 pm, \$20, 18+) BRENDAN KILEY



Joan Shelley - MUSIC

Across America, acres and acres of spare, earnest folk rock inhabit the landscape; much of it's pleasant... and utterly forgettable. Kentucky-based Joan Shelley, though, is better than most in this vein. Taking inspiration from greats like Vashti Bunyan and Sandy Denny, Shelley sings with a muted vibrancy and a burnished warmth. She writes songs that spangle and ramble at a relaxed tempo, exuding a delicate yet staunch grace, bolstered by Nathan Salsburg's supple guitar. Tonight, expect to hear many shiver-inducing tracks from her forthcoming album, Over and Even. (Sunset Tavern, 5433 Ballard Ave NW, sunsettavern.com, 8 pm, \$8, 21+) DAVE SEGAL

SEATTLE July 30 - August 02, 2015 at CenturyLink Field Event Center ARTFAIR

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NEWS FEATURE SUGGESTS ARTS CHOW MUSIC FILM

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ART & PERFORMANCE

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The Real Seattle Art Fair Is Out of Sight

As International Art Dealers Flood the City, 100 Local Artists Grab the Mic



OUT OF SIGHT Casey Curran rides the golden wave.

t would be criminal," said Greg Lundgren, Seattle's go-gettingest artist/impresario/glass-tombstone-maker/art-bar-proprietor, "not to try to do something with all this attention."

Lundgren said it standing in a construction zone of his own making, surrounded by an army of 100 local artists coming in and out at all hours to set up their art for the exhibition *Out of Sight. Out of Sight* is about wanting to be seen, and the view from its windows is the stadium where the Seahawks play—a place that will roar instead for artists this weekend.

Starting Thursday, galleries from around the world will be showing at the inaugural Seattle Art Fair, the 70,000-square-foot miniworld at the stadium's events center that's sponsored by billionaire collector/Microsoft cofounder/Seahawks owner Paul Allen. And Lundgren's mini-world responding to Allen's mini-world is *Out of Sight*, representing the hopes and dreams of dozens of Seattle artists and happening right next door at King Street Station.

"I really want to have that side-by-side discussion," Vulcan Inc. senior curator Greg Bell told me. Bell is a double agent. He's a Seattle artist, too (and has been a local champion for decades), though his work won't be there.

"There's just really good artists here, you know?" Bell said, speaking on one of the few

subjects that, as a Vulcan employee, he hasn't signed a nondisclosure agreement about. "How come they don't have the same recognition? It's because they just haven't been noticed."

Inside the fair at the stadium, 13 Seattle galleries, from Greg Kucera and James Harris to Roq La Rue and G. Gibson, will stack up against 21 galleries from New York, five from Los Angeles, four from Portland, five from the Bay Area, two from Tokyo, two from Mi-

PREVIEW

Seattle Art Fair

CenturyLink Field

Event Center

July 30-Aug 2

Out of Sight

King Street Station

July 30-Aug 2

ami, two from Vancouver, BC, and one each from Seoul, Hong Kong, New Orleans, Boston, Albuquerque, and Sun Valley.

Max Fishko of Art Market, the Brooklyn company administering the fair, estimates an audience of 10,000 to 15,000 comers. He's getting queries from "major-league consultants from New York, Dallas, LA," he said. "This is the beginning

of something that could become the Art Basel Miami for the West Coast," Fishko told me in his "really, really confident" days leading up to the opening.

This is not Seattle's first art fair, but it is the first sponsored by a billionaire collector. Three of the monster trucks of the art world, as it were—Gagosian Gallery, David Zwirner, and Pace of New York, which almost never show up at small regional fairs—decided at the last minute (or were prevailed upon by their billionaire friend?) to sign on.

Less than two years ago, Allen had an inspiring time at the Venice Biennale and decided abruptly that he wanted to see an international art event in Seattle.

"It's funny," Lundgren said, "because just as Paul Allen was inspired by Venice, King Street Station's clock tower was inspired by the tower in San Marco in Venice."

When King Street Station opened in May

of 1906, it was the tallest building in Seattle. In the 1980s, Norman J. Johnston, an architecture professor at the University of Washington, said the problem with Seattle buildings is that, like King Street's iconic tower, they "respond to the precedents set by other men in other places."

Out of Sight may be about visibility and greatness, but it's also

a feat of sheer will, hard labor, and diversity of mediums, talents, and styles. To create it, Lundgren assembled a team including three other curators: independent presenter Sierra Stinson, artist-organizer Sharon Arnold, and Arnold's Roq La Rue co-dealer/founder Kirsten Anderson. (When the fair's going on, Arnold and Anderson will spend time inside the stadium, where Roq La Rue has a booth, and in the clock tower.)

Each curator offered about 100 names and together they whittled the list down from 400 to 100. They asked the artists for their best new or newish work. Some made pieces for the occasion, like the large painted murals and photomurals by Jeff Jacobson, Baso Fibonacci, and Chevenne Randall: Mandy Greer's seven-foot fabric chandelier; George Rodriguez's life-size ceramic sarcophagus; and C. Davida Ingram's project with text about where black women are safe, interspersed with photographs of her ass as she bends over into a heart shape. Last week when I visited, only some of these things existed yet. A coming installation by MKNZ and Mary Ann Peters, for instance, was portended by a taped-off area and a few sacks of flour. Casey Curran knelt on the floor assembling his glinting wave made of gold triangles and mechanical parts.

"Something of everything" is how Arnold described *Out of Sight*. The "theme" might be Seattle artists, which is no theme. *Out of Sight* is a hundred individual artists each grabbing the mic. I hope they're taken that way.

King Street Station itself is Seattle's Grand Central, even designed by some of the same men (and seven years earlier). It opened to the public in 1906, a palace of marble, granite, carved plaster, and chande-

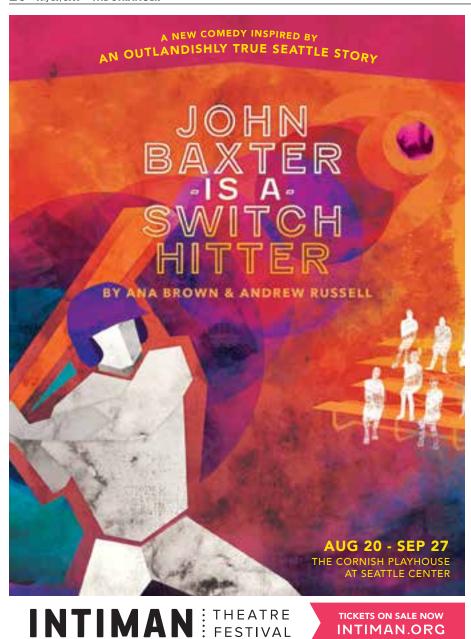
Out of Sight may be about visibility and greatness, but it's also a feat of sheer will, hard labor, and diversity of mediums, talents, and styles.

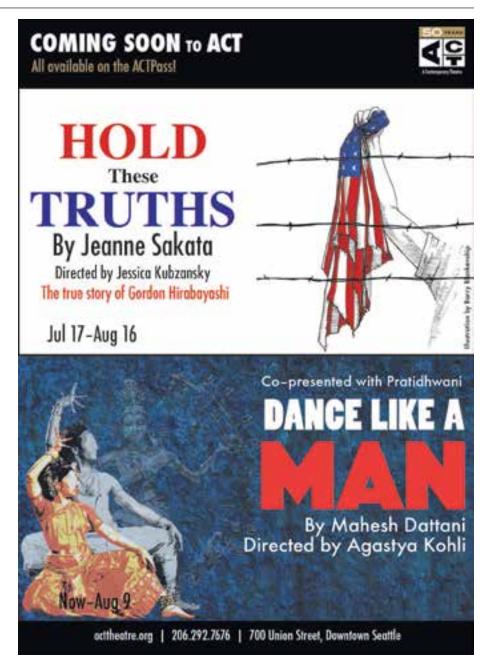
liers, blindingly gold and white. In the 1960s, it was altered and mangled, and when it needed seismic upgrades after the Nisqually earthquake in 2001, the railroad company that owned the building decided it wasn't worth the cost and in 2008 sold the whole station to the City of Seattle for 10 bucks. Five years and \$46 million later, the Seattle Department of Transportation reopened the station in full historical form. Taking Amtrak is glamorous here.

Upstairs on the third floor, where *Out of Sight* is happening, the walls are exposed brick, girded with new steel crossbeams painted a dreamy light gray. In the center of the many-windowed, 24,000-square-foot room, Damien Gilley created a delicate hanging sculpture. It's made of sheets of hotpink strings, loose in the manner of sheets of rain. Gilley hand-painted each string so that, seen together, they add up to a frail, ghostly white X in the middle of the pink force field, echoing the Xs of the new crossbeams, which themselves might seem burly until you consider that their opponent is the shaking planet itself.

Lundgren was able to talk his way into borrowing the space because nobody's rented it yet. He'd like to see the whole floor taken off the market and used for art in perpetuity. Matthew Richter, cultural space liaison at the City of Seattle's Office of Arts & Culture, said there might be room for studios or showplaces, something SDOT senior policy adviser Bill LaBorde added "we're definitely open to." If $Out\ of\ Sight\ helps$ attract tenants, art will have earned a good turn.

Come Monday, the fair will be gone. The artists will still be here. \blacksquare







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BOOKS

A Brief Encounter with the One-ofa-Kind Writer Maggie Nelson

I Took the Train Three Hours South to Meet Her and Talk About *The Argonauts*. Sort Of.

BY RICH SMITH

f you say "Maggie Nelson" to a certain group of literary people, they will get a faraway look in their eyes and start talking about how much her book Bluets changed their life, how they hand it out to all their friends, how they got this one tattoo because of it, etc. Bluets is a book-length collage essay, similar to Nelson's new book, The Argonauts. A collage essay is essentially an essay in fragments—an essay with lots of line breaks. Something between an essay and a poem. Some people call them "lyric essays." Nobody does the collage essay like Maggie Nelson. She cracked some structural code in Bluets that many writers are now trying to copy. But nobody gets it quite as right as she does.

What's the code? What's her secret? As near as I can tell, her strategy is usually this: Over the course of several paragraphs, which are self-contained and gemlike and usually separated with section breaks, Nelson weaves together three big themes within one Mega Theme. The three big themes in Bluets were the color blue, the end of her relationship with a lover, and her thoughts about a mentor/old professor of hers who had become paralyzed after an accident. The Mega Theme of that book is pain.

The big themes in her latest book, $The\ Argonauts$, are queer theory, motherhood, and love. The Mega Theme is indeterminacy.

Because of this structure, trying to summarize *The Argonauts* would be like trying to summarize a thunderstorm. Quoting from the book would be about as helpful to you as grabbing a drop of rain out of the sky. But over time, the narrative of the book describes Maggie Nelson's courtship with and marriage to the artist Harry Dodge, a genderfluid person who takes testosterone during the course of Nelson's pregnancy with their son, Iggy. But it's so much more than that.

The climax of *The Argonauts*, which I got

The Argonauts

by Maggie Nelson

(Graywolf Press)

to see Nelson read in the outdoor auditorium on the leafy campus of Reed College, is a birth scene. It involves Nelson enduring more than 24 hours of labor; peeing while standing up and hugging her part-

ner, Harry; puking into the tub she's giving birth in; and lots of levels of pain (and humor) that I'll never have access to. She read with a no-bullshit, steady intensity that I loved. Crisp, clear, and like she wasn't ashamed of having written it. Why do so many writers read as if they're ashamed of what they've written? Nelson is not ashamed.

She is, however, intimidating, though also gracious and accommodating. I found her by the book-signing table after the reading, congratulated her, and asked if I could interview her, but she was understandably frazzled and a little hoarse, and said she couldn't think at the moment because there was a long line of people whose books she needed to sign.

I very much wanted to write about her book in a one-of-a-kind way, an experimental



MAGGIE NELSON Her new book, The Argonauts, shore is good!

form worthy of its subject. I even wanted an unconventional photo to pair with the piece, something more than just an image of the dust jacket. I motored out to Sauvie Island to talk with some writer friends about what I should do. One of my friends drew Maggie's name in the sand with a question mark, and I thought that was perfect. The rising tide kept wiping her name away, and so we ended up having to write her name over and over in order to make it stay long enough to snap a photo, as if we needed another lesson in the constancy of change.

Later on, I did get some one-on-one time with Nelson, and the moment after I asked my first question, I realized I was talking with someone who had been performing for people eight hours per day for a week. She wasn't just in Portland for a reading. She'd been in town for a week, teaching a Tin House residency. (*Tin*

House is the name of a fantastic literary magazine out of Portland, and Tin House is its book-publishing concern.) I distinctly perceived that she was just trying to enjoy what peace she could find on this beauti-

ful and warm evening, and here I was, about to come at her with questions. Despite feeling as if I had crashed her last day at camp—some outsider who hadn't been here all week, who didn't get it—I asked if she was ready to do this. I proposed we play Two Truths and a Lie.

The rules of Two Truths and a Lie are pretty simple. She tells me two truths and one lie. I guess which is the lie.

She said, "I love chocolate. My grandmother died young of a brain aneurysm. I'm sure I want to be cremated."

The moment she said that last thing about cremation, I knew that was the one. I knew it couldn't possibly be true. There's no fucking way that Maggie Nelson is *sure* she wants to be cremated. After all, *The Argonauts* is all about trying to embrace the unsure, the

indeterminate, the fluid as a valid and even ideal approach to life. Being incinerated is so final, so clean, so easy! A corpse enduring the uneven rot of the underground grave is much more Maggie Nelson. Or maybe the weird burn of a beyond-the-horizon Viking's funeral.

I was ecstatic to learn I was right. And the more I've thought about it, the more I've realized "indeterminacy" is not just the Mega Theme of *The Argonauts*, it's the Super Mega Ultra Theme of Maggie Nelson's body of work, the thing behind everything she writes. The theorist Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick is quoted liberally throughout *The Argonauts*, Sedgwick who "wanted to make way for 'queer' to hold all kinds of resistances and fracturings and mismatches that have little or nothing to do with sexual orientation."

The Argonauts embodies that idea. It's an electric cloud of queering queerness and smashing binaries and thoughts about gender fluidity and queer family-making and reclaiming anal sex as a motherly thing and also dildos and X-men and it's awesome to behold.

As you might be able to tell from that list (and as Nelson herself admits): This book is not for everyone. Though I'm not queer, the book *was* "for me" in that queer theory smashes stereotypes and clichés so that the world seems fresh and new. That sort of thing gets me excited.

Nelson's obsession with things that are not one but also not two is a good example. I can't stop thinking about things that are not exactly one but also not exactly two. A pregnant woman. Labia. The gender of a butch on testosterone. Scissors. These are all things that are not one, but not quite two, and their very existence troubles the received notion that something has to be one thing or another.

Another one of my favorite ideas is her notion that perversities—not virtues—are the more accurate measure of compatibility in a relationship. \blacksquare















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DONNA MOODIE She's carrying on her mother's spirit.

At Marjorie, It's a Dinner Party Every Night of the Week

After 12 Years, the Food Is Good, but It's the Atmosphere That Makes It Great

BY ANGELA GARBES

onna Moodie grew up the daughter of Jamaican immigrants in the predominantly black South Side of Chicago. Although there wasn't much space, their house was

open to anyone—all because of her mother, Marjorie.

"My mom would be out at the bank, and the bank teller would tell her that she was new to town," recalls Moodie. "So my mom would say, 'Come over for dinner.' The woman would come over, and then they'd be friends for 20 years.

She would always invite a ton of people.

People would sit on the floor with plates on their lap—but there was always room for one more."

k, and When Moodie first opened her restaurant,
Marjorie, in Belltown in 2003, she
hoped to emulate the way her mother
entertained. She wanted to create a

place where everyone felt welcome and the menu, like her mother's cooking, was ple. unified not by one type of cuisine but by a

curiosity about the world and its many flavors.

Twelve years later—and five years after moving the restaurant from its original Belltown location to a freestanding, single-story building on Capitol Hill—Moodie is keeping that spirit alive. Every night of the week, you'll find a diverse crowd of regulars and new customers filling its small dining room, tiny bar, and remarkable patio, where you can almost forget that you're on Capitol Hill. It's a place where everyone feels (and is treated) like family, where you can just show up and trust that you'll be taken care of.

We started, as almost everyone does, with the restaurant's signature dish, Miss Marjorie's steel drum plantain chips (\$12)—thinly sliced and perfectly crispy, sweet, and savory. Their curved shape makes them the ideal vehicle for scooping up the accompanying creamy mash of avocado and pineapple, spiked with spicy and salty chaat, as well as citrusy slivers of halibut ceviche (\$6).

Eating plantain chips and drinking one of Marjorie's house cocktails (very strong—"basically doubles," our server said with a knowing smile) while sitting outside on Mar-

"There's an
expectation that a black
woman isn't going to own
a restaurant that serves
a variety of cuisine—not
just soul food, not just
Jamaican food."

jorie's patio, elbow-to-elbow with other happy adults, is one of the best things you can do on a Seattle summer evening.

A big bowl of local Manila clams (\$14), served in a white-wine broth that's rich with butter, was light but also satisfying, especially with an extra serving of grilled bread to sop up all the liquid. But I most enjoyed the dish's extra touches: slices of lemon, briny sea beans, and bitter dandelion greens from Present Tense Farm.

Vietnamese-style chicken wings (\$12) were thickly coated in a bright cilantro-lime paste and topped with crushed peanuts and potent Thai chilies that hid among the dressings like little mines of heat. While the flavors of this dish are wonderful, including the cooling fluorescent-yellow turmeric yogurt sauce underneath, the texture was disappointing. Although the wings had been marked on the grill, they lacked any real crispiness or crunch, which made chewing through their flaccid skin a drag.

Textural flaws were also present in an entrée of pan-seared Neah Bay king salmon (\$30) that, while cooked to a beautiful, soft-centered medium rare, lacked the essential crackly browned layer that comes from a good, hot sear. The dish was served with silken confit fennel, its anise flavor lovingly mellowed after a slow, luxurious bath in oil, and an airy foam made with preserved lemon.

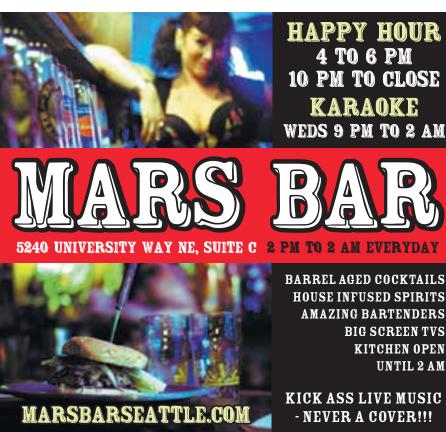
Less successful, though, were the odd pink turnip puree underneath, which tasted a little bitter and gassy, and the matchsticks of raw radish and turnip excessively scattered on top. (It's worth mentioning that entrées at Marjorie are not cheap, but if you're willing to share, you can easily put together a filling \blacktriangleright













■ meal with a few of the smaller plates and starters, the portions of which are generous.)

While Moodie contributes ideas to the menu, she sees her culinary role as more of a curator, and she has always left the cooking to someone else ("I'd miss talking to people and would probably burn a lot of food"). As such, Marjorie is an interesting type of restaurant, one that doesn't live or die by its chef.

According to Moodie, people can always expect an eclectic menu of locally sourced, sustainable ingredients, pasta made inhouse, warm service, scratch cocktails, and, of course, plenty of plantain chips. Given that, she says, "A chef's run here is like a show. I like to encourage creativity and let chefs play with what we have, and then expand on it or add their own style that may linger for a while after they've gone."

Right now, under chef Challisa Parisi, who cooked at Thomas Keller's Bouchon in both Yountville, California, and Las Vegas, Marjorie's menu is getting an infusion of classical French technique and local ingredients. Parisi, who Moodie describes as "pretty enamored with the farm thing," has expanded Marjorie's purveyors to include more than five local farms and is bringing in other Pacific Northwest ingredients like those foraged sea beans. While the food is not without some problems, Parisi has been in charge of the kitchen only since April, so she's likely still finding her rhythm.

The thing is, Marjorie's food wasn't the part that left the strongest impression on me. More than anything, the restaurant feels like a dinner party at a good friend's home. There's

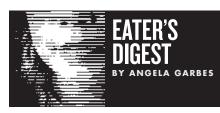
a record player in the bathroom (I put on a Hugh Masekela album for my husband before I left so he could enjoy it when he came in after me—the equivalent of a love note on the bathroom mirror), a Basquiat print overlooking the restaurant like some sort of guardian angel, a chandelier-esque sculpture made of dozens of silver whisks that Moodie was gifted by a friend, small paintings and drawings Moodie acquired during her extensive travels through India, and a framed picture of Martin Luther King Jr. that she picked up at a street fair in New York City. "It's all basically what you would find in my home," she says.

While the restaurant is an extension of Moodie's home and identity, people don't always see that. She tells me about the many times over the years that someone has shown up at her restaurant for an interview or some other business and walked right by her, never once thinking she might be the owner.

'There's an expectation that a black woman isn't going to own a restaurant that serves a variety of cuisine—not just soul food, not just Jamaican food," she says. "And not a place that has a bistro feel and excels in decor and design."

But that's exactly why she continues running Marjorie: "Those are the suppositions that create some of the tensions that we have currently in our entire society. I participate in change by having someone come in and rethink what they might have thought just by being here."

It's one of many things that makes Marjorie so vital—to the restaurant scene, yes, but also to the entire city. \blacksquare



Renee Erickson Reveals **Details About Her Three New Capitol Hill Projects**

Fans of Renee Erickson's rustic French-byway-of-the-Pacific-Northwest cuisine have been waiting for the chef to announce the names and opening dates of her two new restaurants on Union Street between 10th and 11th Avenues on Capitol Hill. Last

week, Erickson's company, Sea Creatures, released some longawaited details. Turns out, there will actually be three, not two, projects—and the third will be a doughnut shop. She hopes to open all of them in early October.

Bar Melusine will be Erickson's new seafood restaurant on the corner of Union and 11th, specializing in "snacks from the sea-raw, cooked, pickled, and smoked fish and shellfish—and other classics from Brittany and Normandy." Next door will be **Bateau**, serving dry-aged, grass-fed, and in-house-butchered beef from Sea Creatures' Whidbey Island farm. It's an ambitious project: Erickson and

her team will be engaged in the whole process of raising, slaughtering, butchering, and aging the meat. Also exciting: Steaks will be cooked in cast-iron in beef fat and butter. (And for those keeping track, both restaurants will pay employees \$15 an hour and eschew discretionary tipping in favor of a service charge.)

And about that doughnut shop, whose name makes me smile: It's called General Porpoise Doughnuts and Coffee, and, like Bateau, it will be located mid-block on Union. Doughnuts will be made from farm eggs and will be filled with seasonal jams and custards.

Pizzeria Gabbiano Named One of the Country's **Best New Restaurants**

Last week, national dining news site Eater published its list of the "21 Best Restaurants in America," and Pioneer Square's Pizzeria **Gabbiano** (240 Second Ave S, 209-2231) is the only Seattle restaurant on the list. Chefs Johannes Heitzeberg and Mike Easton (who also owns lunchtime favorite Il Corvo) were praised for their Roman-style pizza of focaccia with fixings like mortadella, house-made mozzarella, and pistachio pesto. (I recently



Pizzeria Gabbiano chefs Johannes Heitzeberg and Mike

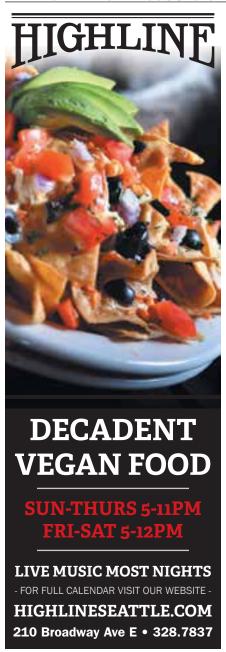
had lunch here and have to say: Go now. And, since it's summer, get a slice of the pizza topped with shaved raw zucchini and lemon-zest-flecked ricotta, as well as the one blanketed in bright-orange sungold tomatoes that are so sweet, they may make you cry.)

Openings, Closings, and Other News

Chef Cheng Biao Yang has many fans, and they've followed him as he's moved around over the years, from Seven Stars Pepper

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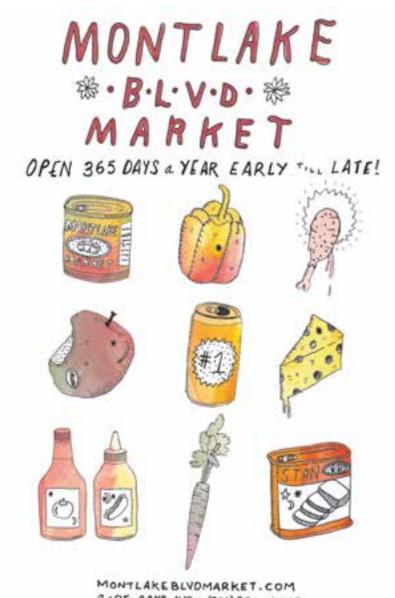






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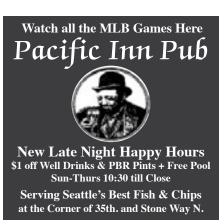
















◀ in the ID to Szechuan Chef and Spicy Talk Bistro on the Eastside, then back to the ID at Uway Malatang. At Country Dough (1916 Pike Pl, Ste 14, 728-2598), Yang's small Pike Place Market stand, you can see him handpulling the noodles for which he is famous. but you can also get guo kui, stuffed Szechuan flatbread that is rolled out by hand, griddled, baked, and then stuffed with fillings like cumin-sauce beef and stewed pork. (Miraculously, they cost just \$5.)

Shingletown Northwest Pub & Eatery (2016 NW Market St, 782-5182), from the owners of the Ballard Loft, evokes the feel of old, turn-of-the-century Ballard and its thriving cedar mills with a decor featuring lots of cedar shingles and antique saws. There are plenty of local craft brews on draft (many made at nearby breweries such as Maritime, Hales, and Stoup), and the menu of Northwest pub fare includes Penn Cove mussels and clams, an oyster po'boy, and other meaty sandwiches.

Montis Grill (4864 Beacon Ave S. 329-2970) just might be the neighborhood bar and grill that mid-Beacon Hill has been waiting for. It's owned by Juan Montiel, who also owns the nearby excellent El Quetzal, which serves Mexican antojitos, but Montis serves decidedly American comfort food like hamburgers, sandwiches, salads, and (on the weekend) brunch. When I stopped in last week to take a peek, a friendly server told me that on Tuesdays, happy hour lasts all day in the bar.

The long, bumpy ride of downtown's Vespolina is now officially over: The Italian restaurant (which first began life as the Spanish-influenced Aragona in 2013, then changed to Vespolina in 2014, then endured the abrupt departure of its chef, Jason Stratton, earlier this year, and added a daily lunch service just last month) closed its doors after a final dinner service last Friday, July 24. According to a statement, the owners intend to find jobs for some staff at their other restaurants, Spinasse and Artusi on Capitol Hill.

Elsewhere on Capitol Hill, Po Dog has served its last wiener, and its neighbor, sports bar Auto Battery (also owned by Po Dog owner Laura Olson), has closed as well. But the spaces won't be empty for too long: Capitol Hill Seattle blog reports that popular Portland restaurant Sizzle Pie will open their first Seattle location there.



Chef Tyler Moritz (right), with Aleks Dimitrijevich, at La Bête in 2010.

And finally, some sad news: On July 21, local chef Tyler Moritz died after his fight with stage 4 bladder cancer. Moritz was best known as the chef and co-owner of Capitol Hill's La Bête (which he opened with Aleks Dimitrijevich), but he was well loved by many within the restaurant industry, having worked in the kitchens at Union, Lark, Stoneburner, and the Zig Zag Cafe. I know many people who are reeling from the loss of their humble, soft-spoken, and talented friend. Deepest sympathies to Tyler Moritz's family and friends. ■

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WHITEY MORGAN Not an outlaw.

Can Whitey Morgan Save Country Music from Nashville?

Building a Bridge from Punk Rock to Townes Van Zandt (with a Little Help from Spotify)
BY JOSEPH SCHAEFER

henever you find yourself thinking, "I liked the country music my parents listened to. It was so much better than this twangy frat-boy bullshit on the radio," you're probably

Whitey Morgan and the 78's

w/Tony Martinez. Ole Tinder

Fri July 31, Neumos,

8 pm, \$20 adv, 21+

thinking of outlaw country.

A brief history lesson: In 1972, Waylon Jennings bucked label pressure when recording his album *Ladies Love Outlaws*. After the record became a hit, Jennings was later

joined by compatriots like Willie Nelson, Merle Haggard, Hank Williams Jr., a revitalized Johnny Cash, and several other

artists in what came to be called the outlaw country movement. Together, they eschewed Nashville's glitzy look and sound, and they sang songs with a rougher edge. They were very popular. For a while.

Fast-forward about 40 years. Nashville is arguably the music capital of America again. Pop country is incorporating dance music beats, getting played on mainstream radio, and selling millions of records. Meanwhile, there are a few scruffy guys with beards and tattoos calling themselves outlaws and trying to find success by bucking trends again.

Flint, Michigan's brightest young country star, Whitey Morgan, isn't having any of it. For starters, he's got choice words for Nashville's youngest and brightest: His best-selling T-shirts display a skeletal hand flipping the bird and say "Fuck Pop Country."

As a slogan and an ethos, it's doing well for him. "It's my top seller," Morgan says of

the shirt. "Whenever I run out, people get so damn upset about it. They get their minds set on buying it before they come to the show.

"My T-shirt is specifically about these guys who don't write any of their own songs,"

he says. "They basically went from a karaoke stage to a stage in front of 500 people because of who they know, or god knows

how they got there, but they get up in front of these people and they can't sing. That's the pop country I have a problem with."

The success of Morgan's T-shirt, not to mention his new album, *Sonic Ranch*, hints that he might represent a new breed of country singer—modern, but respectful of the classics.

Morgan has been grouped into a loose countermovement against the new Nashville, alongside singers like Sturgill Simpson, Chris Stapleton, and Jamey Johnson, among others. The idea seems to be that the world is ready for a second wave of new outlaw country artists.

Morgan balks at this idea, as well.

"The only way to be an outlaw in the purest sense would be to be on a major label and tell the label heads to fuck off," Morgan says. "Right now, not one person has done it since the mid-'70s. So technically there are no outlaws anymore."

In the absence of a traditional Nashville contract, Morgan remains an independent artist, relying on new media to find his audience.

"People hear stuff on the radio, and they don't like it," Morgan says. "I feel almost like they've given up. They don't know where to look for [my music] online, I guess, because that's the only place you're going to find it.

"I write for people like me who enjoy the things I enjoy and who also have had some

"A lot of ex-punk rockers are playing country now because it's the same thing."

of the same life experiences: the heartache and late nights, and maybe the terrible relationships that—" he hesitates, before concluding, "the self-destructive kind of personality. That's what I write about." The bad habits coloring Morgan's songs are at least partly autobiographical—he wrote this latest record following a divorce.

Sonic Ranch, like its predecessor, Grandpa's Guitar, is informed by Morgan's formative years in Michigan, where he grew up among what he calls "a lot of blue-collar, hardworking drinking people."

Morgan's grandfather, like many southern laborers, relocated to Flint in the 1960s to make decent money working in a factory, and he brought the country music he loved north with him. "Flint in the 1950s, '60s, and '70s was 30 percent people from the South who came up to work there," Morgan estimates. "My grandfather was one of them, and that's why I was forced to listen to country music when I was a kid—when my parents weren't getting along, that's where they sent me."

Not that he embraced the music right away. "When I was a teenager," Morgan recalls, "I was playing in punk bands and going to all-ages shows. Angry at the world like everyone else when they're 17 years old." He then explains that punk, traditionally music of the young urban political left, and country, music traditionally associated with older generations in red states, aren't so different.

"A lot of ex-punk rockers are playing country now because it's the same thing. Mike Ness [of Social Distortion] released two records in 2000 and 2001 that were his tribute to country music because of how much it meant to him." Morgan speaks about how he and Ness both idolize older, darker songwriters like Townes Van Zandt.

"Those were his heroes, because he knew that they had been through the same thing he had. It might have been a different kind of music, but they were on the road the same way: the girls every night, the drugs, the alcohol, and trying to keep it together, trying not to self-destruct. That's as real as it gets, and between punk rock and country, those are the most real lyrics as far as any kind of highenergy edgy music goes."

Morgan, Simpson, Stapleton, and the others are positioning themselves as a new spin on an old form of country-music rebellion. Unlike Waylon Jennings and his cohort, they're not trying to change Nashville from the inside, but to circumvent it as much as possible. ■

Hold 'em, fold 'em at



DECIBEL FESTIVAL ANNOUNCES LINEUP

Decibel Festival director Sean Horton and his team disclosed the full lineup for the 12th annual edition of the electronic music and digital arts fest, which happens September 23 through 27 in 10 venues located in Capitol Hill and downtown. This year's Decibel will feature **95 stylistically diverse acts** playing in 30 showcases, a slightly scaled-back agenda, and a welcome retreat from the overwhelming abundance of recent years' offerings. (Which is not to say that this isn't a lot to absorb; Decibel is still a five-day marathon that requires savvy planning and conservation of energy.)

Out of a **cornucopia of exciting names** on the bill, here are a handful we recommend you do your level best to witness: Autechre, Marcel Dettmann, Pharmakon, Jlin, Shifted, Container, Function, Laurel Halo, Roman Flügel, Strategy, Richard Devine, Tim Hecker, and Casseg-



rain. And, as usual, Seattle artists will represent strongly as well, with Raica, Josef Gaard, Archivist, Lusine, Vox Mod, P L L, and Kid Smpl be-

ing just the tip of a very large iceberg of talent participating. Speaking of Emerald City connections, Decibel has linked up for the first time with two of **the city's most adventurous experimental-techno crews**—secondnature and MOTOR—for showcases, taking place September 23 and 25, respectively, at the Crocodile. That's a smart, bold move, and a testament to their excellent curatorial skills.

Go to the stranger.com/events/decibel-festival for more info.

VIBRATIONS FEST OUTLINES ITS METAPHYSICAL SCHEDULE

VIBRATIONS, a free and easy all-ages music and art festival happening Sunday, August 16. in Volunteer Park, also announced its complete schedule last week. Organized by the Cairo art gallery and boutique, VIBRATIONS is the rare event where you can hear interesting, up-andcoming bands in a beautiful setting while experiencing visual art and obtaining holistic health-care items and esoteric wisdom about yourself. The most exciting artists include Versing, who channel the Feelies, Pavement, and the Clean with irrepressible poise; So Pitted, whose steel-wool**cyclone rock** will harsh your mellow in an artful manner; and Crater, whose alluring electro rock includes a strutting makeover of the Stone Roses' "Shoot You Down." Filling out the rest of the musical lineup are iji, Mega Bog, Underpass, Nail Polish, DJ Sharlese (KEXP, False Prophet), and DJ I'm Sorry. In addition, there'll be a tent manned by the Ice Cold Rollers and a live performance by Nude Dads on the Beach.

Besides music, VIBRATIONS offers several local visual artists' wares, Poseurs Yoga, tarot readings by Ona Lee, and vendors peddling crystals and "intuitive essential oil blends." And if you don't **get your aura read** by Samantha Parrott while you're there, well, what other poor life choices are you going to make this summer?

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I Ain't Tryna Roll No Dice, I Just Wanna Make It Right

MY PHILOSOPHY, A WEEKLY COLUMN ABOUT HIPHOP AND CULTURE

BY LARRY MIZELL JR.

No matter what rap

moralists (usually

dudes) think of Nicki

Minaj, her take is dead-

on: Black women set the

standard and then get

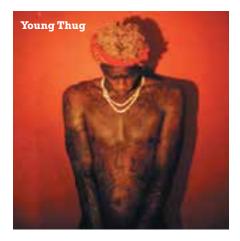
no credit or love.

ord to Dennis Coles: I want you to have a good summer. Hopefully, among other things, a cop doesn't decide to kidnap you, brutalize you, and then frame you for your own murder. More on that later, and back to Mr. Coles. Ghostface's now-infamous video-phone chin-check to Action Bronson's too-loose lips was—despite Tony Starks's insistence that it wasn't a racial matter—nonetheless a blow to unchecked rap colonialism. No, you may not steal my essence and then disrespect me. Ghost Dini even interacted with the Teddy Pendergrass song blaring in the back, because he talks to the spirits of our ancestors, which Action cannot. This be the godbody!

 $\it Yas, Nicki Minaj took MTV and the VMAs to task on anti-blackness and sizeism—and no matter what rap moralists$

(usually dudes) think of Nick, her take is dead-on: Black women set the standard and then get no credit or love. Meanwhile, back at the ranch: Nicki's man Meek Mill decided to air out Drake for having a ghostwriter, alleging that ATL MC Quentin Miller (of the group WDNG Crshrs)

had been writing Drizzy's bars. Funkmaster Flex then leaked the reference track for Drake's "10 Bands," featuring Mr. Miller spitting the bars. This, my friends, will only end in tears.



And yes, Young Thug and Birdman were named in an indictment against Young Thug's road manager as being part of a plot to kill Lil Wayne. (Things have obviously progressed past recording dis videos in portrait mode.) This is some true Greek tragedy shit, seeing as Wayne grew up literally calling Birdman his "daddy" and is the metaphorical father to Thugger's whole style. All this while Thug was already locked up for threatening to shoot a mall cop, in the style of the late great Pimp C. Even still, Thug's new "Pacifier" is my current cup of coffee: Bleed the cops! Bleed it, bleed it, bleed it, bleed it.

I know: The rap tabloid shit is pure distraction, engineered by *shatan* himself. I could use a distraction, though, and maybe you could, too. So hit up the latest **Home**

Slice show at the Croc on Wednesday, July 29, (featuring Mega Evers, Malcolm Rebel, Zuke Saga, and Grimeshine). Catch the guy Spekulation (with OTOW Gang, Dex Amora, and Jamil Suleman) at Columbia City Theater on Thursday, July 30. Peep out Oaktown's rising R&B chanteuse

Kehlani at the Croc on Saturday, August 1, and revel with Atlanta's joyously crass DIY-rap hedonist-mogul Father with his Awful Records clan in the same room on Monday, August 3.

None of it takes away from the fact that Sandra Bland—not even the latest—is dead, and the police whose custody she died in are scrambling to smear her. How'd a confident six-foot woman about to start a new life hang herself in a jail cell with a fucking trash bag? After consuming a bunch of marijuana, while in custody? None of it makes any sense. (I THINK THEY KILLED HER.) None of it makes it easier, makes it stop, or makes you or me any safer when we leave the house. So stay frosty—or heated, if you prefer. Love. ■

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FRIDAY 7/31
NEUMOS & TRACTOR TAVERN PRESENT
WHITEY MORGAN
AND THE 78'S
TONY MARTINEZ + OLE TINDER

TUESDAY 8/4

METZ

BIG UPS + DILLY DALLY

WEDNESDAY 8/12
WOLF ALICE

FRIDAY 8/21
TITLE FIGHT
SHOOK ONES

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SATURDAY 8/1
STICKY FINGERS (AUS)
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TUESDAY 8/4

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FRIDAY 8/7
THE DELTA SAINTS
ROBERT JON & THE WRECK

WEEKLY FRIDAY & SATURDAY DANCE NIGHTS FROM 10:30PM TO CLOSE

COMING UP

7/29 Sister Girlfriend • 7/29 Pop Evil • 7/31 En Canto • 8/2 PHASES • 8/5 High On Fire • 8/6 Tel Shi • 8/7 Mother Mother • 8/8 The Vaccines • 8/8 Moon Honey • 8/9 Lust For Youth • 8/10 SOAK • 8/13 No Duh! 90's Dance Party • 8/14 Wrinkles • 8/15 Long Dark Moon • 8/14 BOOTIE SEATTLE • 8/18 SURPRISE JK POP! PARTY! • 8/19 The Black Ryder • 8/20 Perfect Families • 8/21 Cayucas • 8/29 Jenny Hval • 8/29 Pink Party Prime 7 • 9/1 Diet Cig • 9/8 Tokyo Police Club • 9/9 Jackie Greene • 9/11 The Cribs • 9/12 Life as Cinema • 9/14 Sage Francis









7/30**THURSDAY**



Madchild (of Swollen Members) Onry Ozzborn w/ Rob Castro, Knothead

7/31 **FRIDAY**



Monaui Presents...

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8/1 **SATURDAY**



Rain City Rock Camp for Girls & The Crocodile present:: **RAIN CITY ROCK CAMP SHOWCASE**

8/1 **SATURDAY**



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8/3 MONDAY



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UP&COMING

Lose your impenetrable marijuana fog every night this week!

Wednesday 7/29

Sole, DJ Pain 1, NKNGS, the Introverts

(Vera) The too-brainy-by-half rap crew Anticon was, in some ways, perfect for the advent of message-board culture that sprang up around the turn of the millennium. Here was a bunch of white, angst-ridden, affectedly artsy guys putting out label compilations with names like Music for the Advancement of Hip Hop and Hip Hop Music for the Advanced Listener, trolling everyone before trolling was cool. The obtuse, stream-of-consciousness lyrics rewarded deep forum immersion—my own experience parsing Doseone and Boom Bip's album Circle in an impenetrable marijuana fog being a prime example—and the music was, mostly, good enough to justify the attention. The beef between label head Sole and Def Jux scion El-P was certainly the stuff modern-day Twitter wars are made of, two egoists fighting for inches on battle-scarred turf. Nowadays, El-P is making the best music of his career with Killer Mike in Run the Jewels, and Sole has, for the most part, dropped off the map. Which is too bad, because, if there's anything the rise of the internet has shown us, there's plenty of room in the indie-rap tent for weirdos of all varieties (see also: Father, playing the Crocodile on Monday). As if to prove the point, Sole's latest work finds him fire-breathing agit-prop bombast over beats by indemand trap producer DJ Pain 1. KYLE FLECK

Sister Girlfriend, Heatwarmer, iji, R-Pal

(Barboza) Despite what may seem like insurmountable nerdiness, Seattle quartet Sister Girlfriend are in the business of suave seduction. Like predecessors

such as Gary Wilson, Mayer Hawthorne, and Velella Velella, Sister Girlfriend purvey slick funk and R&B that's deceptively complex in their chordings and rhythms; it's a safe bet that *Aja* gets heavy rotation on the members' stereos. On Sister Girlfriend's new Randall Dunn–produced *Knock* EP, they offer six songs

I truly believe that Upset are the answer to my teenage pop-punk prayers.

that earnestly aim to convert the dance floor into a boudoir. Ryan Batie romances the mic with a soulful, vulnerable voice somewhere between Scritti Politti's Green Gartside and Daryl Hall, and the melodies yearn and swoon with an exquisitely measured passion. You imagine that when these guys fuck, there's probably not a hair out of place. **DAVE SEGAL**

LVL UP, Upset, Neighbors, Trashlord

(Black Lodge) I truly believe that Upset are the answer to my teenage pop-punk prayers. The first burned CD I ever received was Jimmy Eat World's Bleed American. It felt good-bad, listening to the Sharpie-scrawled album on my Discman, feeling that first taste of listless LiveJournal angst that I'm still feeling a decade later. So when LA's Upset reference that record by name in their beautifully nostalgic track "Wonder," it speaks straight to my heart. The sugar-on-the-asphalt songs frontwoman Ali Koehler (former Vivian Girls) writes cut deep with melancholic vulnerability couched in singalong catchy melodies and sweet harmonies from



SISTER GIRLFRIEND In the business of suave seduction. Wed July 29 at Barboza.

Slutever's Rachel Gagliardi, heart-soaring guitar leads from Benny the Jet Rodriguez's Lauren Freeman, and powerful drumming from Hole's Patty Schemel. Plus they cover a Jawbreaker song! I love this band. They're on tour with the equally excellent fuzzy-guitar magicians LVL UP. I'm so stoked that adult me gets to go to this without having to beg my parents' permission. **ROBIN EDWARDS**

Thursday 7/30

Kamasi Washington, McTuff, J-Justice

(Neumos) Jazz vocalists, and especially the women, have never lost their pop relevance (see: Amy Winehouse, Nina Simone, and other chic documentary subjects). For the male bandleader, however, time has been less charitable. Enter saxophonist and composer Kamasi Washington, who is positioning himself as a jazz player who's palatable to the hiphop mainstream. He arranged strings for Ken-

drick Lamar's latest opus, *To Pimp a Butterfly*, and is closely aligned with hype bassist Thundercat and acclaimed producer Flying Lotus. Now Washington is stepping out of the studio: He's just released a sweeping three-disc album (named *The Epic*, naturally) that marries a meditative aspect with traces of psychedelia, gospel, and fusion. Locals McTuff and J-Justice will lend support and further the jazzmeets-modernity vibes. **JOSEPH SCHAFER**

Vetiver, Sam Amidon

(Tractor) Back in March, when few people were paying attention, Bay Area collective Vetiver released one of the year's loveliest albums. Seven records into a career, most bands have a formula down, but too many rehash old moves to diminishing effect. Complete Strangers won't upend anyone's expectations about the Bay's indie-folk scene, it's just that everything comes together so nicely—Andy Cabic's translucent vocals, the spiraling rhythms, the chiming guitars, and the subtle brass touches that recall such seemingly divergent acts as the Byrds and Stan



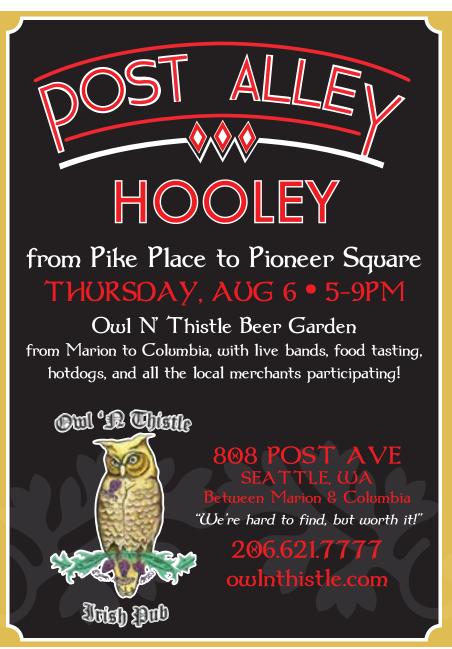












Getz and João Gilberto. It's the Platonic ideal of the Summer Record. Granted, it gets a little sleepy at times—like a nap on a gently swaying hammock but there are no sharp edges to wreck your flow. just soft, cottony bliss. KATHY FENNESSY

Pizza Fest fundraiser: **Ubu Roi, Stallions**

(Chop Suey) First off, mark your calendars! Pizza Fest is August 6 to 8, and all sorts of A+ garage-punk bands are gonna play during this festival of fun, including Nobunny, Mean Jeans, Gooch Palms, White Mystery, and Useless Eaters. And what do these aforementioned bands have in common? They're all from other cities—from all over the frickin' place (Gooch Palms, god bless 'em, will be here all the way from Newcastle, Australia). Booking bands from other cities sometimes requires a little extra scrilla so here is the official fundraiser! And instead of having some boring auction at some boring ol' place, why not have a party at Chop Suev with live music? The brand-new Stallion are playing their first show and feature members of SSDD (Steal Shit Do Drugs) and Pony Time. Ubu Roi are local party-punks who have an EP called Nice Dude that has a greasy slice of pepperoni pizza covering a guy's crotch for cover art. It all fits. And it's all so tasty! KELLY O

Northwest Psychfest: Ben von Wildenhaus, Lemat, Tierra Magos, Rememberz, Pink Void, more

(Sunset) Reverberation/incense aficionados rejoice—Northwest Psychfest returns with three days of music from across the globe and also right here. NWPF will include: blues-ish psych from Julia Dream (Seoul, South Korea), hazy retro-pop from duo the Rememberz (Adelaide, Australia), codeine-stitched art folk from Ben von Wildenhaus, Mexican folkloric/modern-classical jams from Ampersan (Mexico City), hits of melodic heavy rock from Powers, hypnotic psych with the occasional dub trip from Dorotheo (Guadalajara, Mexico), blurred surf rock from Lures, 18-minute freak-outs from King Tears Bat Trip, plus velvet bell-bottoms, fringed vests worn over nothing, and so much more. Go to northwestpsychfest.space for more info. July 30-August 1.



KAMASI WASHINGTON Traces of psychedelia, gospel, and fusion. Thurs July 30 at Neumos

Friday 7/31

Clorox Girls, Murmurs, Nervous Talk, Clocks

(Lo-Fi) It's not often that an album immediately catches my attention, but J'aime Les Filles did just that. From the recording to the guitar tones to the short, intensely poppy melodies and rich harmonies, it was like the best of the Buzzcocks redux (albeit in 2007). I had never even heard of the Clorox Girls at the time, even though these lads were originally from my hometown, Oakland (though by then they had moved to Portland). Unfortunately, the band's longtime fans didn't appreciate the album as much as I did (although always poppy in the late-'70s/ early-'80s sense, the band had a harder edge on previous releases), and the Clorox Girls got bummed out and went on hiatus for a while. But now they're theoretically less bummed and back with an original lineup (they've gone through several bass players) and a brief West Coast tour. I have no idea what they sound like these days, but here's hoping they're still catchy as fuck. KATHLEEN RICHARDS

Pickathon: Cloud Nothings tUnE-yArDs, King Tuff, Ty Segall, Shabazz Palaces, more

(Pendarvis Farm) In theory, music festivals expose you to a bunch of different acts that you normally wouldn't pay to see individually. Too often, though, music festivals just make you want to kill a teenager. But Pickathon—a medium-sized, three-day music festival held on a farm outside of Portland-promises no such murderous feelings. Not only is the festival extremely eco-friendly (composting, solar panels, no plastic) and crowdfriendly (free water, free shuttle), it's also booked a diverse, surprisingly awesome lineup (e.g., Tuareg blues-folk act Tinariwen, soulful-funk looper tUnEyArDs, Seattle hiphop innovators Shabazz Palaces, garage-rocker Ty Segall, and lots more). Regardless of where your current inclinations lie, you're guaranteed to come away with a newfound appreciation. July 31-August 2. KATHLEEN RICHARDS

Imagine Dragons

(Tacoma Dome) Choose your own adventure, Imagine Dragons edition. (A) You go gaga for these clean-cut pop-rockers, you bought your tickets months ago, and you have the concert poster set as the lock screen on your phone. Go directly to the Tacoma Dome and enjoy yourself. (B) You're jaded, pop radio is garbage, and why would The Stranger even bother to waste the space writing about a band seemingly lab-created to enthrall idiots and irritate everyone else? Go forward two pages, wherein I'll give you my honest take: Imagine Dragons craft an entirely disposable, offensively innocuous cocktail of Coldplay and Mumford and Sons. A band couldn't sound more like they hailed from Vegas if they tried. (C) You don't know who or what Imagine Dragons is/are. Turn on that sleek rectangle on your desk, go to this thing called Wikipedia, and catch up with the

under-30 set, then return to choice A. (D) You want a contrarian thesis on why, actually, Imagine Dragons and their ilk are secretly pop-music geniuses and their prefabricated sound is a subversive commentary on the transient nature of fame in a post-sellout music landscape. Go to choice B. I don't have the energy, and these guys aren't that smart. KYLE FLECK

Saturday 8/1

Universe People, Andy Human & the Reptoids, Gang Cult

(Highline) Oakland's Andy Human has ditched his lo-fi new-wave sounds, which melded the vibes of John Maus and Gary Wilson, and now rocks a more jagged-toothed music with his backing band the Reptoids. The few tracks available to sample from their latest LP aim square at the late 1970s, when rock 'n' roll's evolution was taking an exciting and decidedly weird turn into the 1980s. Replete with sax, power chords, and urgently punky rhythms, the Reptoids' songs also contain subtle flourishes of twinkly synth that accent the raw, rocking swagger. Joining the Reptoids are local trio Universe People, featuring the evocative twin vocalizations of guitarist Jo Claxton (A Frames, Welcome) and bassist Kimberly Morrison (SSDD, Dutchess & the Duke). Their empowered, angular post-punk sheds light on girl troubles with a wry twist of humor and plays on gender roles that will get all the boys and girls dancing with whomever the hell they want. TRAVIS RITTER

Archival Records, Cutting Head, KO Solo, Slurs, Tarsier Eyes

(Hollow Earth Radio) Here's Hollow Earth Radio doing what it does best (except for netcasting an interesting smorgasbord of audio): hosting a lineup of excellent experimental music. Archival Records is John Vallier, former drummer for Climax Golden Twins, Wizard Prison, and others; in this guise, Vallier uses his vast knowledge of archives and ethnomusicology to create live loops with drums, vibes, 16-mm films, tapes, and samples from records. The result is exotic, percussion-heavy collages that toggle between sublime and quirky. Imagine Madlib remixing









10/20

8/7

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with HIPPIE SABOTAGE +SHOOKA

11/6

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WAVVES
IN TWIN PEAKS IN SWIMMERS



ON SALE FRI AT IOAM SEPTEMBER 9 ANDY DALY

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BATTLES



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NEPTUNE

Sun City Girls. Improvisational saxophonist Kate Olson (Syrinx Effect) thrives both in avant-jazz group situations and solo. Her work in the latter mode strives for the spiritual magnificence of Alice Coltrane at her most contemplative and Philip Glass at his most mesmerizing. Olson moves from blissful trance-outs to kinetic, complex reveries with great poise. Bremerton's Cutting Head deal in subliminal audio surrealism, an ectoplasmic strain of *musique concrète* that sounds like it's slurring backward out of a dead radio. It's

scary as hell and highly recommended. DAVE SEGAL

Sunday 8/2

Rodrigo Amarante, Vikesh Kapoor

(Triple Door) It's not the frat rats who are going to bum you out in college, nor the over-earnest Deep Green revolutionaries, nor the hipsters hitting up Halloween parties as Wes Anderson characters—it's not even the wisecracking but heartbroken journalism majors who will get your existential goat. The one you have to be wary of is the quietly charming, effortlessly talented musician with the scruffy hair and a voice like a troubadour from the 1950s. Is this guy even enrolled here? Does he bring his guitar to parties or is there just always, magically, a guitar for him to strum in the backyard by the barbecue, making slight talk sound momentous? Brazilian singer-songwriter Rodrigo Amarante is that guy, all grown up. First with Los Hermanos and Little Joy, and recently on his own acclaimed solo album Cavalo, Amarante's casually arresting chops, understated sentimentalism, and sweet nothing of a voice have been romancing ear holes for a decade and a half now. This should give you pause. He will steal your girlfriend. KYLE FLECK

Mudhoney, the Gallow Swings, Sin Driver

(Slim's Last Chance) Mudhoney at Slim's? I have to laugh. Isn't that like the Stooges playing a dive bar in Ypsilanti? Sort of, but your eyes don't deceive you—this is happening. Seattle's longest-running gr*ng* iconoclasts will be tearing shit up in the daylight in the First Avenue South chili shack. Upending expectations about rock bands declining



METZ A band inspired by Cobain's heroes. Tues Aug 4 at Neumos.

. A bana inspired by Coodin's herbes. I des Aug 4 at iveamos

into decrepitude a quarter century into their careers, Mudhoney still slash and burn like miscreants half their age. Their catalog bristles with thrillingly cranky tunes that stick in your head out of sheer spite and bullshit-free hard rock that makes paunchy graybeards mosh. You should be into their shtick, even at this late date. **DAVE SEGAL**

Monday 8/3

Father, KeithCharles, Spacebar, Playboy Carti

(Crocodile) Father (short for the Oedipally interesting Fatherain'tshit) is the de facto head honcho of Atlanta's vital, vicious, and bloodshot Awful crew, a small army of misfit malcontents feasting on the bounteous corpse of trap music and fried drum machines. Woozier than Wu-Tang, anti-poppier than Antipop Consortium, more based than the Based God, and single-mindedly committed to lo-fi, druggy de(con)structions of hiphop and R&B, Awful Records represents everything that's right with the Bandcamp era. And while their scattershot approach to quality control and nonstop release

schedule all but ensure they'll never put together a Statement Album for that coveted "Best New Music" designation from Pitchfork, the quality of their best stuff beats out every watered-down nonentity vying for the crown of underground king these days. Father's star shines brightest ("Look at Wrist" was an unexpected sensation), but the whole crew is worth your attention. **KYLE FLECK**

Tuesday 8/4

METZ, Big Ups, Dilly Dally

(Neumos) Nineties nostalgia is in full swing, and we're seeing a lot of indie bands revisit the grainy distortion and bitter melodies that made Nirvana famous. Sure, lots of folks wanna write the next "In Bloom," but it takes a special breed to make a whole album cut from the "Scentless Apprentice" cloth. And that's why Toronto's METZ stand out. They wholly embrace the screeching feedback, anchor-dragging bass, and kit-mangling drumbeats that Nirvana used to offset their Pixies-inspired pop songs. Maybe that's because METZ sound less like a band inspired directly by Nirvana and more like a

band inspired by Cobain's heroes—groups like Melvins, Black Flag, and the Wipers. So let the masses have the *Nevermind* clones. Gimme the *In Utero* disciples. **BRIAN COOK**

The Funky Meters

(Jazz Alley) The Funky Meters? That's like calling your band the Wet Water or the Hot Sun. Surely a lawyer is behind this redundant adjective. Whatever the case, the Meters were integral to making New Orleans one of the funk meccas in the 1960s and '70s. At their best, on albums like Look-Ka Pv Py, The Meters, Struttin', and Cabbage Alley, they functioned like stripped-down rhythm machines, operating with incredible precision and proving with their trademark laid-back tension that funk was defined by the quality of the silences between the notes and hesitations between the beats. While it's a bummer Ziggy Modeliste and Leo Nocentelli no longer play with the current Funky Meters, the group does include original bassist George Porter Jr. and organist/vocalist Art Neville, plus drummer Terrence Houston and guitarist Brian Stoltz. Expect them to do the hits and some deep cuts-and to make you sweat. August 4–5. DAVE SEGAL

Stewart Villain vs. Brainstorm, Prep Chambers, Feezable the Germ, Mega Evers, more

(Nectar) In a 2014 interview with Eyes + Edge magazine, Portland rapper/producer Stewart Villain succinctly sums up his talents: "I can make all kinds of shit. From super electronic shit to soulful boom bap, to trap shit. I bounce around a lot. Right now I'm super into cloud rap, like airy-ass beats with crazy vocal samples." Scanning Villain's discography bears this out: The man knows his way around the complicated web of modern rap, never settling on a trademark sound, but uniting his albums with a workmanlike attention to detail and sound design. Exhibit A: recent single "Double Cup," which interpolates Drake's garbled mantra "no new friends" above a billowing curtain of back-masked singing, before changing gears to a glitchy, spastic take on EDM trap. It's giddy and strange and sounds brand fucking new. Support comes from the best-named rapper in Chicago, Feezable the Germ. $\mbox{\bf KYLE}$ $\mbox{\bf FLECK}$













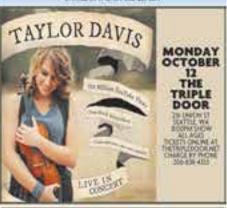
















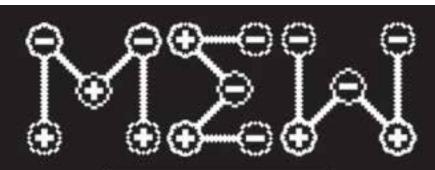


STURGILL SIMPSON - FRIDAY NOVEMBER 13 SHOWBOX SODO











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See The Stranger's online THINGS TO DO calendar for complete music listings.

DRUNK OF THE WEEK...BELOW THE HOMOSEXUAL AGENDA...39 POSTER OF THE WEEK...39 DATA BREAKER...40

7/29

- 88 KEYS Musicians' Jam O ANIMAL ACRES PARK Jessica Lynne, 6:30 pm, free
- ★ BARBOZA Sister Girlfriend, Heatwarmer, iji, R-Pal ★ @ BLACK LODGE LVL Up. CAPITOL CIDER Vote
 Roderick: Road to the Primary
 CROCODILE Malcolm Rebel, Zuke Saga, Grimeshine,
- © EL CORAZON Quiet Company, guests, 7:30 pm HIGH DIVE The Fourth Wall, My Body, Sci-Fi Fantasy Horror, 8 pm. \$7

HIGHLINE Wicked Inquisition, HIGHWAY 99 Lori Hardman Band, 8 pm, \$7

NECTAR Paa Kow Band, Malina Move, 8 pm, \$8

O NEUMOS Pop Evil, Red Sun Rising, DedElectric PARAGON Two Buck Chuck

O THE ROYAL ROOM Lobo Del Mar, 8 pm, \$10/\$12 SHOWBOX SODO Gary Lightbody, 8 pm, \$18/\$20 SUBSPACE COMICS Kirby **SUBSTATION** Bad Tats

SUNSET TAVERN Happyness Total Babes

TRACTOR TAVERN Lincoln Durham, 9 pm, \$10

* O VERA PROJECT Sole, DJ

@ WOODLAND PARK ZOO Emmylou Harris, Rodney Crowell, 6 pm, \$39.50

JAZZ

BRASS TACKS The 200 Trio TULA'S Cascadia Big Band VITO'S RESTAURANT & LOUNGE Don't Move

BALTIC ROOM Bollocks CONTOUR NuDisco FOUNDATION Tomsize HAVANA Wicked & Wild

NEIGHBOURS Exposed: DJ Trent Von, DJ Dirty Bit ★ PONY Bloodlust 5th

★ O NIGHTCLUB Lunice la, 9 pm, \$10

THURS 7/30 LIVE

BARBOZA Slim Cessna's Auto Club, 8 pm, \$12

BLUE MOON TAVERN * CHOP SUEY Ubu Roi,

Stallions, 8 pm, \$7 COLUMBIA CITY THEATER CONOR BYRNE Wild Rabbit,

@ CROCODILE Madebild © CROSSROADS SHOPPING CENTER Clint McCune Band DARRELL'S TAVERN Ladies

Gentlemen, Regional action, Goose Vargis, 9 pm EL CORAZON Graar!, Whorechata, Trick Candles, Typical Girls, 9 pm, \$7 FADO IRISH PUB Connor

HIGH DIVE Marmalade HIGHWAY 99 Three Guitars

THE HOLLYWOOD TAVERN Max Cobb. 7 pm. fre

JAZZBONES Aaradhnar A KEYARENA 5 Seconds of

KREMWERK Octo Octa. Community Corporation

LO-FI Bigfoot Wallace, John
Dillon, guests, \$7

MERRITT FESTIVAL GROUNDS Rockin' River

THE MIX Yada Yada Blues Band, 9 pm, free **★ NEUMOS** Kama

Washington, McTuff, J-Justice PARAGON The Alkis RENDEZVOUS All Star Opera Nu Era, Marshall Mung, DJ Just D'Amato

THE ROYAL ROOM A Box in the Sea, Nico Sophiea **SUBSTATION** Marmot vs Mammoth, A Giant Dog & the Blind Pets, Great Grandpa

★ SUNSET TAVERN

TIM'S TAVERN Wild English, PlanetRawk, guests * TRACTOR TAVERN Vetiver.

O THE TRIPLE DOOR VITO'S RESTAURANT & LOUNGE Casey MacGill

JAZZ

★ BARCA Jazz at Barca BRASS TACKS Shawn Mickelson's Jazz Quartet

O CHAPEL PERFORMANCE SPACE Action Figure, Merid Big Band, 8 pm, suggested donation \$5-\$15

O CITY HALL PLAZA Greta

★ O JAZZ ALLEY Poncho

PINK DOOR Bric-a-Brac **TULA'S** Mike Fernandes Maniqua Band, 7:30 pm, \$5 VITO'S RESTAURANT & LOUNGE Casey MacGil

DJ

BALLROOM Throwback BALTIC ROOM Sugar Beat

CONTOUR Jaded ★ HAVANA Sophisticated Mama

DOOMSQUAD NEIGHBOURS Revolution OHANA Get Right Q NIGHTCLUB T. Williams,

condcity, 9 pm, \$10 R PLACE Thirsty Thursdays TRINITY Beer Pong Thursdays

FRI 7/31 LIVE

88 KEYS Dueling Piano Shows

BARBOZA En Canto, Rafael Tranquilino, Leah Tussing **BLUE MOON TAVERN** No Rey, Xolie Morra & the Strange Kind, Liquorjacket, GIANT

CAFE RACER Growwler, Pure Ups, Pitschhouse

CENTRAL SALOON Colorworks, These Young Fools, Happy Times Sad Times CHAPEL PERFORMANCE SPACE Paul Hoskin, Arrington de Dionyso, 8 pm

CHINA HARBOR Orquesta la Solucion, 9:30 pm, \$15 **CLEARWATER CASINO** Soul COLUMBIA CITY THEATER

M. Lockwood Porter, 7 pm, free, Brite Lines, guests CONOR BYRNE Sunderheed. Specters, Big Splash Champion, 9 pm, \$8 CROCODILE Langhorne Slim & the Law, 8 pm, \$16

O CROSSROADS SHOPPING CENTER Coco Loco

DARRELL'S TAVERN Red Heart Alarm, guests

@ EL CORAZON Joe King Carrasco, the Fancy Lads guests, 9 pm, \$12/\$15; Anthony Raneri, Laura Stevenson, Allison Weiss, 9 pm. \$13

GALLERY 1412

Noisegasm, guests **HIGH DIVE** Madison Drive, American Island, Moments, Lost New York, 9 pm, \$8 HIGHWAY 99 Lisa Mann and Her Really Good Band

TAZZBONES Stacy Jones KREMWERK Holly

Herndon, 9 pm

LAKE UNION PARK The

* I.O.FI Clorox Girls murs. Nervous Talk Clocks!, quests, 8 pm, \$10

MARS BAR Live Music **★ MATRIX COFFEEHOUSE** , r-Smith

MERRITT FESTIVAL GROUNDS Rockin' River Music Festival

NECTAR Bowievision, This Is Not My Beautiful Band NEUMOS Whitey Morgan and the 78s, Tony Martinez

PARAGON Gin Creek **★ ②** PENDARVIS FARM

THE PIRANHA SHOP RENDEZVOUS the Western nauins, Wild Wants THE ROYAL ROOM Europe

72: Andy Coe, guests **SEAMONSTER** Live Funk SKYLARK CAFE & CLUB Safeword Sasquatch, Chris Says Yay, guests

SLIM'S LAST CHANCE Swallow, Derelicts, Coffin Break, guests, 9 pm

SUBSTATION Letters from Traffic, Aradia, Highland Kites ★ SUNSET TAVERN

Northwest Psych Fest Day Two ★ ② TACOMA DOME Imagine Dragons, 8 pm Imagine Dragons, 8 pm
TIM'S TAVERN The Flying Tortugas, Lemon, Brad Yaeger

TRIPLE DOOR
MUSICQUARIUM LOUNGE Danny Godinez, 5 pm, free
THE TRIPLE DOOR
THEATER The Senate

O VERA PROJECT Native nce, Car Seat Headrest, TICKETS @ WWW.TAKEWARNINGPRESENTS.COM WED NOV 11TH @ THE SUNSET SUN AUG 23RD @ CHOP SUEY FUCKED UP (ZODIAC)

U&C: 9/16 JOEY CAPE @ THE SUNSET, 9/18 TREVOR HALL @ Showbox Market. 11/17 La dispute @ Neptune Theatre

JONATHAN FOX PRESENTS RISINC EENIX AT THE COMEDY UNDERGROUND SUNDAY AUGUST 2ND PHENESS

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DRUNK OF THE WEEK



DAY DRINKING: A CAUTIONARY TALE

he strange phenomenon of "day drinking" happens mostly in the summer. One minute you're hyper and zooming around, playing in the sunshine with friends, and the next minute—BOOM!—you're at the Capitol Hill Block Party and you pass out right on the sidewalk. Best-case scenario, your mom is already right there to carry you home safely. Thanks, Mom! KELLY O

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★ = Recommended 🙆 = All Ages

For the complete, searchable, constantly updated calendar, go to thestranger.com/music For ticket on-sale announcements, follow twitter.com/seashows







GIN WIGMORE SAT SEPT 19 // TRACTOR TAVERN

JESS GLYNNE SAT SEPT 26 // BARBOZA

MIKKY EKKO OCT 7 // THE CROCODILE

DATVIX
OCT 13 // NEUMOS

DEAN WEEN GROUP

OCT 13 // THE SHOWBOX

THE NBHD OCT 21 // SHOWBOX SODO

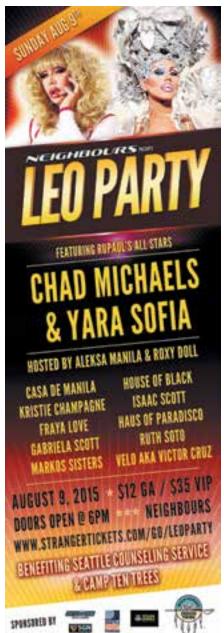
RACHAEL
YAMAGATA
OCT 22 // THE CROCODILE

MARINA &
THE DIAMONDS
OCT 25 // PARAMOUNT THEATRE

YO LA TENGO NOV 20 // NEPTUNE THEATER

WWW.MONQUI.COM







CONCERT

SEPT 3RD - SHOWBOX SODO - 8PIM - AUL AGES

DJ DENVER & DJ EDDIE 1426 1ST AVE. SEATTLE, WA

JAZZ

★ @ JAZZ ALLEY Poncho Sanchez Latin Jazz Band © KENYON HALL Rat City Brass, 7:30 pm, \$10/\$15 TULA'S Stephanie Porter Quintet, 7:30 pm, \$16 VITO'S RESTAURANT &
LOUNGE Monty Banks

DJ

ASTON MANOR #AstonMob BALLROOM Rendezvous BALMAR Top 40

BALTIC ROOM Fundamental

★ CUFF DJ Night **FOUNDATION** Chocolate Puma, 10 pm, \$12.50

HAVANA Viva Havana & Havana Social ★ HIGHLINE Shade NEIGHBOURS Absolut

Q NIGHTCLUB DJ Yup, Lady

R PLACE Swollen Fridays SOUTHGATE ROLLER

THERAPY LOUNGE Under TRINITY Fridays at Trinity

CLASSICAL

★ ② VARIOUS LOCATIONS Music Under the Stars

8/1 LIVE

88 KEYS Dueling Piano Show THE ANGRY BEAVER The BARBOZA Sticky Fingers, the Approach, 7 pm, \$10 BLUE MOON TAVERN Gravel CHATEAU STE. MICHELLE CLUB HOLLYWOOD
CASINO Johnny and the Bad
Boys, DJ Becka Page COLUMBIA CITY THEATER Bikini Boosh Party on the Island of Milky Joe: 8 pm

CONOR BYRNE Roaming Herds of Buffalo, season of Buffalo, season ★ ② CROCODILE Rain City

O CROSSROADS SHOPPING CENTER Purple Passio Swing Band, 7 pm, free DANTE'S The Salt Riot

DARRELL'S TAVERN DARRELL'S TAVERN
Washington State Bikini Bash
EL CORAZON Abstinence
Device, Sick Sad World, Vats,
Big Priest, 9 pm, \$10; Rabbits,
Gaytheist, 9:30 pm, \$8

EMERALD OUEEN CASINO Martina McBride, 8:30 pm HIGH DIVE Trip Like Animals, Chrome Lakes, Variations

★ HIGHLINE Universe People, Andy Human & the Reptoids, 9:30 pm, \$8

★ © HOLLOW EARTH
RADIO Archival Records,
Cutting Head, KO Solo, Slurs,
guests TAZZBONES Popa Chubby

LITTLE RED HEN Souve **DELOUIE G'S** Randy Hansen MERRITT FESTIVAL
GROUNDS Rockin' River

★ Ø MLKY WAY HOUSE 8th

NECTAR Ernest Ranglin, Avila, Gigantor, Two Story Zori, 8 pm NEUMOS Fabulous Downey ers, guests PARAGON Fiasco, 9:30 pm

★ PARLOR LIVE COMEDY
CLUB SEATTLE Blackstreet ★ ② PENDARVIS FARM Pickathon

RENDEZVOUS Shark the Herald, Choir of Crickets, Johnny Lee Ledford SLIM'S LAST CHANCE Blackheart Honeymoon, the

Swearengens, guests O STONE WAY CAFE
Spencer Glenn Band, 7:30

★ SUNSET TAVERN Northwest Psych Fest Day Three

TIM'S TAVERN The TRACTOR TAVERN Kasey Chambers, 9 pm, \$25 O TREEHOUSE CAFE Jesse

Terry, 8 pm, \$12

Terry Terry, 8 pm, \$12 THE TWIN DRAGON Murphy

POSTER OF THE WEEK



ometimes you don't know what it's going to take to turn your day around until you come across a funny alien showing off its tattoos.

AARON HUFFMAN

Bad Tats w/the Rubs, Sunset Flip Sun Aug 2, Victory Lounge

★ ② VERA PROJECT Seapony, Zebra Hunt, Tap Waves, 7:30 pm, \$8/\$10 VICTORY LOUNGE The Hollowpoints, Bad Future, Daylight Robbery, the Stops

JAZZ

★ ② IAZZ ALLEY Poncho Sanchez Latin Jazz Band

* • THE ROYAL ROOM Seattle Meets Tokyo

Ocatile Meets Tokyo

TULA'S Greta Matassa

Quartet, 7:30 pm, \$16

DJ

ASTON MANOR NRG

BALLROOM Sinful Saturdays BALMAR Top 40 Night BALTIC ROOM Crave

BARBOZA Inferno

CAPTAIN BLACKS DJ Hyro, Noodles CHOP SUEY Dance Yourself

CORBU LOUNGE Saturday Night Live

★ CUFF DJ Night FOUNDATION Late Night Alumni, 10 pm, \$15 HAVANA Viva Havana & Havana Social

★ KREMWERK Stiffed MERCURY Machineries of Joy ELEVATOR, TUF, & KREMWERK PRESENT:

HOLLY HERNDON

[LIVE AV / SF]

AS DFS [TAC] BARDO:BASHO

FREE! TUF PATIO HAPPY HOUR! 6PM w/TUF djs: dj degenerate [motor] / Sharlese [kexp] / Claire Long / Tane Kaymaz

THU 7/38 FRI 7/31 FRI 7/31 SAT 8/1 SAT 8/1 WED8/12

THU 8/13

KITTIE KARABKE NEW! OCTO OCTA (LIVE / BRSSKLYN) TUF PATIO PARTY (FREE) HOLLY HERNBON O'VE AN / SEL **CUCCI'S CRITTER BARN** STIFFED! IGUY DISCO!! THEY IN DENDERFICK PARTY FALSE PROPHET PRESENTS.

KARADKE NIGHT HOSTED BY: KITTY KITTY BANG BANG COMMUNITY CORPORATION [DETROIT] / HIGHT & TIGHT DJ DEGENERATE (METOR) / SHARLESE (KEXP) / CLAIRE / TANE GLEWING THE FREEWERK AS DES [TAC] / BARDO-BASHO [EARLY BARN YARD DRAG SHOW] CUCCI BINACA UNDERWEAR PARTY: JULIE HERRERA / RIZ ROLLINS / PAVONE DJ TRINITRON + SPECIAL GUEST: DJ RIZ ROLLINS SHANNON F. of LIGHT ASYLUM / CRATER / SHAPLESE / KATE

KREMWERK, COM | THUR 1808 MINOR AVE I



Bruce Hazen (Guitar), Alan Paisley (Bass), Steve Smith (Drums) ECLECTIC INSTRUMENTAL ROCK COVERS AND ORIGINALS. The Mix - 6006 12th Ave. S. - Georgetown - Seattle, WA 98108



BY ADRIAN RYAN

WEDNESDAY 7/29

BLOODLUSTIVERSARY

It's damn well high time we return our attention to Pony. Don't you agree? It is, after all, the Best Damn Gay Bar in Seattle™ (according to me me me), and it gives us so very much. (Identity! Community! Booze! To name but four.) And even though it seems so comparatively small (so, so small), its themed and DJ-driven dance nights rule the school. Tonight we celebrate the fifth anniversary (where des the time go?) of Bloodlust, their monthly... well, they bill it as "darkness and

debauchery on the dance floor," and I'd

be seriously hard-pressed to argue with

FRIDAY 7/31

that. Pony, 8 pm, free, 21+.

BITCH ARTS AND BITCH KRAFTS

Not since Fairuza Balk taunted, "Then why are you still!! bleeding?" has there been a more gorgeous and compelling coven of witches than the Markos sisters-Cherry, Minerva, Kaleena, and Klaudya. They enchant, ensorcel, and even scare you just a bit, in a nice-butwatch-your-manners way. They can be seen working their dark mojo in tandem every Friday night henceforward at their new weekly event called Bitch Kraft. I asked witch sister Minerva to tell us a bit about the new night. "Bitch Kraft is pretty much a concept that the four of us have been shooting for since we formed our coven—an opportunity to showcase our talents as individuals and as a cohesive sisterhood," Minerva says. The new coven is an offshoot of the glamorous



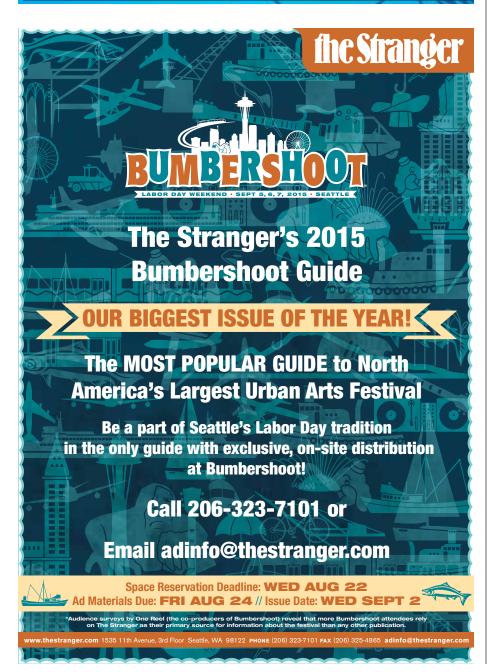
House of Markos. "We keep things fresh by introducing rotating hosts between the four sisters (a different combo of two hosts each week) and rotating community queen guest spots weekly." Tonight features the talents of Stacey Starstruck, a Julia's favorite. "We recommend showing up at 8 for good seats," Minerva tells us. "The show is usually over by 9:30, so everyone has time to catch other shows and parties." Which is thoughtful and strategically useful, as we have one more event to catch later tonight. Neighbours, 8:30 pm, \$8, 21+.

SHADY WAYS

And then now! We are off to Shade, which has made something of a sassy/dancey splash since its humble origins at the Eagle merely a scant few months ago, created as a club night for queers and their peoples, "a dark, dirty, divey situation." The night has since hoisted up her skirt and stomped over to the Highline, where she has thrived like a particularly skilled hooker. DJ Jen Woolfe is guesting tonight, supported by the inimitable talents of one of the night's progenitors, Riff-Raff. Highline, 9 pm, \$5, 21+.







MONKEY LOFT Summe Saturday 12 Hour Parties NEIGHBOURS Powermix R PLACE Therapy Saturday

* REVOLVER BAR Brit Pop Brunch: DJ Jimi C, 11 am, free TRINITY Saturdays at Trinity

CLASSICAL

RE-BAR Night Crush

THE ROYAL ROOM ARCO

SUN 8/2 LIVE

BARBOZA Phases, quests ★ CAFE RACER The Racer CHATEAU STE, MICHELLE

COLUMBIA CITY THEATER Korby Lenker, Jesse Terry, Zarni De Wet, 8 pm

COMEDY UNDERGROUND Fenix Rising: JP Hennessy, Randy Hansen, guests, 6 pm © CROCODILE Chappo

CULTURA EVENT EL CORAZON Junkyard Amy Lee, Leonhardt, Kiel Grove • THE FUTURE The She's,

HIGH DIVE Open House, Yikesu, guests, 8 pm, \$6 LO-FI Cigarette Bums, 8 pm MERRITT FESTIVAL

GROUNDS Rockin' River

★ NECTAR Skates!, Golden Idols, Hot! Donna, guests
★ ② PENDARVIS FARM O THE ROYAL ROOM Luau

★ SLIM'S LAST CHANCE Mudhoney, the Gallow Swings, Sin Driver, 3 pm SUNSET TAVERN Peter Quirk, **★ ②** THE TRIPLE DOOR

VICTORY LOUNGE Bad Tats.

O WHITE RIVER
AMPHITHEATRE Fall Out Boy, Wiz Khalifa, Hoodie Allen, DJ Drama, 7 pm

JAZZ

THE ANGRY BEAVER The

DARRELL'S TAVERN Su ★ Ø JAZZ ALLEY Poncho

Sanchez Latin Jazz Band ★ ② TULA'S Gregg Robinson Jump Ensemble, 3 pm, \$5; Jim Cutler Jazz Orchestra

★ VITO'S RESTAURANT & LOUNGE Ruby Bishop, 6 pm, free; the Ron Weinstein Trio, 9:30 pm, free

DJ

BALTIC ROOM Resurrection

CONTOUR Broken Grooves CORBU LOUNGE Salsa ndays: DJ Nick, 9 pm NEIGHBOURS Noche Latina PONY TeaDance

R PLACE Homo Hop * RE-BAR Flammable

MON 8/3 LIVE

88 KEYS Blues On Tap ★ ② CROCODILE Father KeithCharles, Spacebar, Playboy Carti, 8 pm, \$15 O EL CORAZON Deviano

HIGHLINE Sleep Terror, Devils of Loudun, Lb!, guests

★ NEPTUNE THEATRE RENDEZVOUS Haunted Summer, Foxtails Brigade, Peg SUBSTATION Open Mic

SUNSET TAVERN Gayle TRACTOR TAVERN Casey Donahew Band, 8 pm, \$12

TRIPLE DOOR
MUSICQUARIUM LOUNGE

THE TRIPLE DOOR
THEATER Giant³ Sand,
Gabriel Sullivan, Brian Lopez

JAZZ

O THE ROYAL ROOM The Ensemble, 8 pm

DJ

BALTIC ROOM Jam Jam BAR SUE Motown on

★ THE HIDEOUT Industry MOE BAR Moe Bar Monday PONY Fruit

TUES

BARBOZA Avers, the Hollers, Timbre Barons, 8 pm, \$8 CAFE RACER Jacobs Posse O CHIHULY GARDEN AND Garden: Downpilot COLUMBIA CITY THEATER

★ CROCODILE Rasputina Q EL CORAZON Bermuda 2 HIGHLINE Sarah Bethe

* NECTAR Stewart Villain Brainstorm, guests ★ NEUMOS METZ, Big Ups PARAGON You Play Tuesday SEAMONSTER McTuff Trio

Max Cobb, 7 pm, fre

LO-FI Dorotheo, 8 pm

SKYLARK CAFE & CLUB SLIM'S LAST CHANCE Jack

Nelson. S. quests, 9 pm, \$8

THE HOLLYWOOD TAVERN

O STUDIO SEVEN Texas Hippie Coalition, Red Sky Mary, Jesus Wears Arman SUNSET TAVERN Joan

TRIPLE DOOR MUSICOUARIUM LOUNGE Pepper Proud, Water Dropz

JAZZ

★ **② JAZZ ALLEY** The Funky Meters, 7:30 pm, \$34.50 O THE ROYAL ROOM Sam Landsman Group, 8 pm O TULA'S Jay Thomas Big

DJ

BALTIC ROOM Drum & Bass

BLUE MOON TAVERN Blue

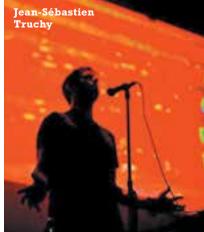
O CENTURY BALLROOM West Coast Swing Socia DARRELL'S TAVERN DJ

HAVANA Real Love '90s O KING STREET I-5

UNDERPASS King Street
Dance Partyl: DJ Sokha MERCIIRY Die NEIGHBOURS Pump It Up

DATA BREAKER

BY DAVE SEGAL



WEDNESDAY 7/29

AN UNHOLY CANADIAN TRINITY

Norm "Panabrite" Chambers doesn't promote many shows, because he's usually too busy creating great music. But when he does, attention must be paid. For this bill, he's drawn three exceptional Quebecois musicians to the utilitarian Gallery 1412. Black Givre (aka Samuel Bobony) is a drummer who treats electronic sounds like they're his own private punching bags. His jagged, sample-heavy compositions rankle academia-nurtured musical decorum and make chaos sexy, as they spasm unpredictably through

your head. I hear late-era Boredoms influences—always a good thing. Charles Barabé shows a bit more refinement in his genre-elusive works. On 2014's Adjeu Fantôme, he creates audio collages that feature a menagerie of surreal sounds and voices jutting hither and yon in the stereo field à la Nurse with Wound. It's extremely artful. Jean-Sébastien Truchybassist for several avant-rock bands on Montreal's revered Constellation Records, including Fly Pan Am and Set Fire to Flames—plumbs a rigorous strain of minimalist sound design that allows for Cageian jolts of chance actions. Using modular synthesizers, distorted vocals, and field

recordings, Truchy finesses a subtly disorienting array of sonic events. His Neither cassette, which was inspired by Morton Feldman and Samuel Beckett's opera of the same name, has parallels with Scott Walker's stark, disturbing last few albums. Gallery 1412, 8 pm, \$5, all ages.

THURSDAY 7/30

T. WILLIAMS'S SUAVE HOUSE MUSIC London-based DI/producer T. Williams makes slick house music designed to banish your worries, of which you have many, because it's the 21st century and we've botched things. He's injecting a warm humanity into what can sometimes be a grid-like, metronomic style of music. and if you're into that, your body's going

to get hot to T. Williams's suave dance-

floor lubricators. With Secondcity.

FRIDAY 7/31

Q Nightclub, 9 pm, \$10, 21+.

HOLLY HERNDON'S GLEAMING **ELECTRO-CUBISM**

Despite her first two albums' staunchly uncompromising aesthetic, Holly Herndon has become an underground electronic-music star. Her 2012 debut full-length, Movement, sounds at times like a contemporary pop record trying to power its way through an electromagnetic storm; every vocal's serrated and fun-house-mirrored beyond meaning, rendering it into malleable aural putty. At other times, Movement comes off as a modern twist on the eerie, sparse work of Polish jazz-improv singer Urszula Dudziak. This year's Platform is a bit more polished but just as fractured in its song structures. It's like a cubist Biörk album, and one of the strangest artifacts with a 4AD logo on it; go straight to the gorgeously grotesque "DAO" for proof. Herndon is the rare artist striving to generate new forms of beauty in a scene rife with copycat underachievers and hardline nostalgia fetishists. With as_dfs. Kremwerk, 9 pm, \$15, 21+.





THE MATRIX Your resistance is all part of the plan.

What *The Matrix*Tells Us About the Crisis in Greece

Eerie Parallels Between Capital and Sentinel in the Real Desert of the Real

BY CHARLES MUDEDE

n 2011, the economist and former finance minister of Greece Yanis Varoufakis posted on his blog an essay, "The Trouble with Humans: Why is labour special and especially targeted at a time

of crisis," that provides an interesting reading of the science-fiction classic *The Matrix*. For those who have never watched this film, here is the basic plot: In the year 1999, a computer hacker named Neo (Keanu Reeves) learns from a mysterious figure, Morpheus (Laurence Fishburne), that the world he lives in is not real but a sinister computer simulation designed by machines to keep humans

content while farming their bodies for energy. He is also told the year is not 1999 but closer to 2199. After dealing with the shock of this revelation, Neo decides to leave the simulation, enter "the desert of the real" (the real world, which is dark, grim, and gothic), and join the human rebellion against the machines.

In Varoufakis's opinion, this film is so close to the way things actually are in our world that it's basically a documentary. True, machines have not transformed humans into batteries, as is the case in the movie, but, according to Varoufakis, the relationships between the *Matrix* machines and their human batteries and the real world's capitalist bosses and labor are eerily similar. In both cases, the powerful want the exploited to

submit with no resistance. But the minute human laborers/batteries present no challenge to those in control, the system goes into crisis. For things to work

properly, it turns out, humans need to believe they are free. This is why in *The Matrix*, the machines decided to plug the minds of their human batteries into a massive computer that simulated their freedom.

"Our curious need for liberty was, thus, threatening the efficacy of their human-driven power plants," writes Varoufakis. "So, the machines obliged us. They forced not only nutrients into our bodies but also illusions that our spirit craved into our minds. Ingeniously, they attached electrodes to our skulls with which they fed, directly into our brain,

a virtual, yet utterly realistic, life that as humans we could cope with." (Quick note: Varoufakis fails to point out that the nutrients are of the *Soylent Green* variety—dead humans.) But the machines begin to realize that the system devised to keep humans

content is still susceptible to crises because fake freedom is not as good or as effective as real freedom. This is the contradiction at the heart of $The\ Matrix$ and also capitalism.

Throughout the history of capitalism, there has been a relentless push to replace humans with autonomous machines. But, as Varoufakis explains, the more work robots do, the less value is extracted from the system. Why? Because humans are the true source of value, and their removal from the production process must result in declining profits. As profits decline, crises increase. This is pure Marx, the labor theory of value. I do not agree with the theory, but it certainly has had a huge impact on Varoufakis's thinking. And it is his thinking along these lines that certainly forced him to resign from his position as Greece's finance minister on July 6. The men and women who are trying to force Greece to cut its commitments to the public and focus on repaying its creditors won't work with a person who believes laborers are more valuable than bankers and bondholders.

Varoufakis's dark point in all of this,

however, is that capitalism requires not only free subjects, but free subjects who rebel against the system. The same goes for the Matrix—the system of extracting power from humans is improved only by those rebelling against it (most of the details of this contradiction are dealt with in the second film of the trilogy, *The Matrix Reloaded*).

The Matrix

dir. Andy Wachowski,

Lana Wachowski

Central Cinema

The system devised to

keep humans content is

still susceptible to crises

because fake freedom is

not as good or as effective

as real freedom.

The characters—Neo, Morpheus, Trinity (Carrie-Anne Moss)—and the machines trying to destroy them are all part of an evolutionary dialectic that is refining the

Matrix. If the rebels are crushed, the system terminates. Again, the same is true for capitalism: Those in power do everything they can to replace laborers with compliant machines, but without obstruction, their system collapses.

Varoufakis writes: "Freedom of Will and the mysteries of the human psyche throw a spanner in the works of any technical, or mathematical, depiction of the relation between input and human output. A good blues song sung in unison may be as important for the productivity of a group of farm workers

as the tools they are using or the prospect of a pay rise. Machines cannot even begin to wrap their software-driven thoughts around this peculiarity of human labourers."

From this he concludes that it is the work of the left to

save capitalism from capitalists. Varoufakis is developing something like a mystical Marxism to fill the space made vacant by the collapse of Marxist socialism, which suffered from the same problem that neoclassical economics did between 1973 and 2008: an unrealistic faith in human rationality.

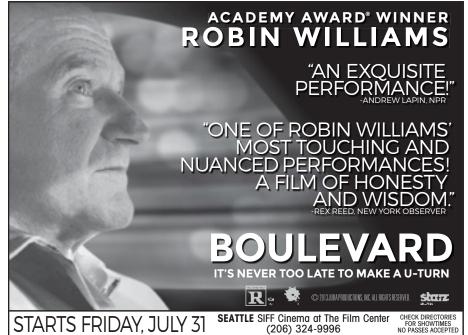
Rereading Varoufakis's essay in light of Greece's current economic nightmare makes it tempting to extend his analogy even further and cast him in the role of the Oracle (played so wonderfully in *The Matrix* and *The Matrix Reloaded* by the late Gloria Foster). With all of his talk about the importance of the irrational human spirit, it's useful to see Varoufakis as part of the system, made by the system, for the system. He understands that the only hope lies in disturbance and disruption of capital's drive toward total dominance. He did not want his country to exit the eurozone—he wanted to save the euro and bourgeois Europeanism from itself.

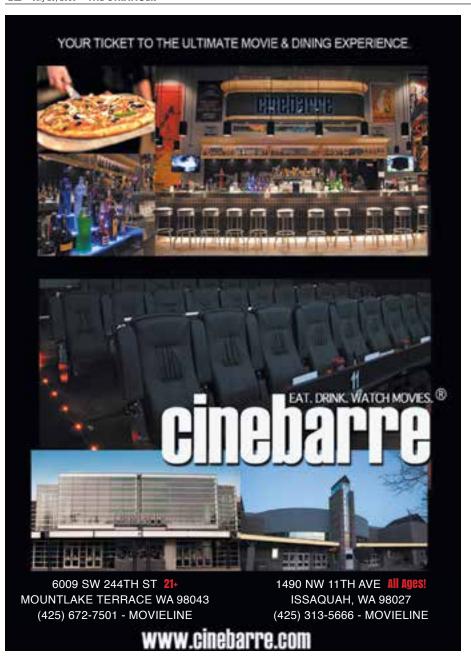
This is the form his Greek tragedy takes. \blacksquare

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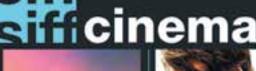


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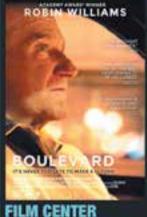
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Black Sheep

The Hilarity and Tragedy of I Am Chris Farley

BY ERIK HENRIKSEN

I Am Chris Farley

dir. Brent Hodge, Derik Murray

SIFF Cinema Uptown

Tatching Chris Farley still feels weird. Everyone's favorite era of Saturday Night Live tends to be the one they grew up with, and for me, that was the SNL of the mid-1990s, when the show was the stomping ground of Norm Mac-

donald, Mike Myers, Molly Shannon, Chris Rock, Adam Sandler, Rob Schneider, David Spade, Ellen Cleghorne, and Phil Hartman. And loom-

ing among them—sometimes literally—was Farley, who wholeheartedly committed to every sketch, from his Chippendales danceoff with Patrick Swayze to sharing with Christina Applegate what it was like to live in a van down by the river. By the time Tommy Boy came out, Farley's stardom seemed certain. Farley died at 33—he should've just been getting started.

So yeah, weird: Many of the clips in IAm Chris Farley are impossibly, shockingly funny. I laughed more, and more deeply, during this documentary than I do during most comedies. And the clips aren't just from SNL, either: Blurry VHS footage captures Farley's Second City performances, showing his earliest days as a comedic hurricane. The clips are interspersed with interviews with those who knew and worked with Farley:

his brothers, his college buddies, his old improv coaches, and everyone from Myers to Sandler, Spade to Shannon—there's Lorne Michaels, Bob Odenkirk, Tom Arnold, Dan Aykroyd, Jay Mohr, Bob Saget. Throughout, there's a great warmth and a rare sense of

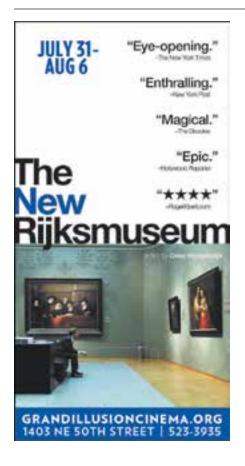
reverence. But as Farlev's addictions and stints in rehab come into play, something else creeps into those interviewsa darkness, an anger. It's the

sort of anger people can only have toward someone they love.

Watching I Am Chris Farley feels a bit like whiplash: I repeatedly found myself bursting into giddy laughter one minute and tearing up the next. Brent Hodge and Derik Murray's documentary is eagerly respectful, and never feels manipulative, but it does feel like it's trying to capture the big, impossible whole of Farley's life and work—which was, by its nature, both funny and sad, predictable and shocking. If you grew up like me, watching SNL in the 1990s and wearing out tapes of Tommy Boy, you should see it. You might cry. You'll definitely laugh. ■

Fat guy in a little coat at

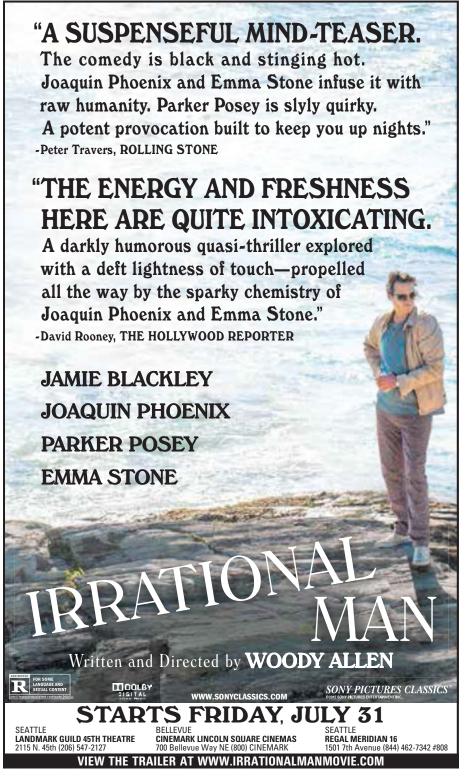
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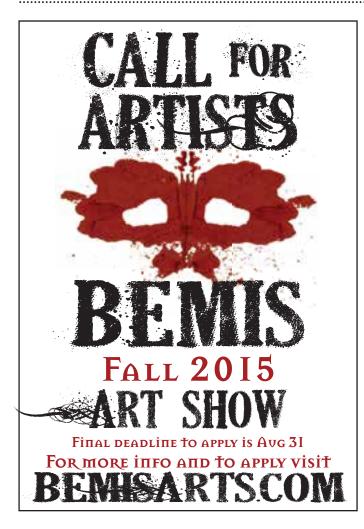






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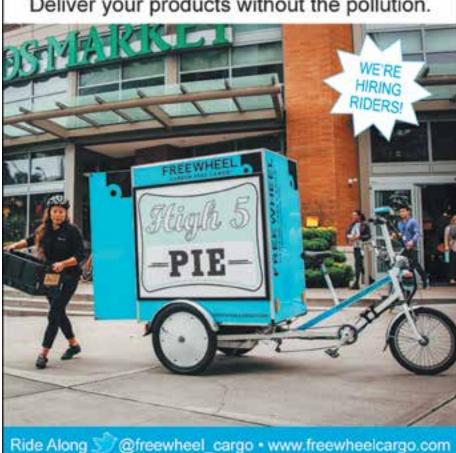




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HOSTESS AT LOST LAKE DINNER.

Me: metal punk weirdo wearing a parody Hall and Oats shirt big beard,-hoodie You: Stunning and gorgeous human with an awesome punk vest (Trans ally among the buttons and a homemade back patch). Great smile When: Friday, July 24, 2015. Where: Lost Lake Diner. You: Woman. Me: Man. #921197

"YOU'RE REALLY PRETTY!"

You: dark haired goddess with fanny pack. Complimented me and I uttered stunned "Thanks!" Wanted to go back and talk to you but my face and hair were the same color. Give me another chance to earn your favor When: Friday, July 24, 2015. Where: Aurora Groc Out. You: Woman, Me: Woman, #921196

ONION GARDENER BY CHUCK'S HOP

the onion! Hope you got the Cherry Chews on the porch.

When: Wednesday, July 22,
2015. Where: Greenwood. You: Man. Me: Woman. #921195

AMì©LIE IS THAT U ????

saw u @TNT but 2 shy 2 approach - u were wearing a rad denim jacket & floral skirt; Ur hair's reminiscent of the movie Amì©lie- hopefully u share her fascination for mysterious strangers ;^). I was the gaga doppelgyÉ--\singer When: Wednesday, July 22, 2015. Where: TNT espresso. You: Woman. Me: Woman. #921194

HOT GREEN OGRE BABE

You were drinking coffee on Broadway and I couldn't take my eyes off of U. Green hair, black shorts and top, with gray knee highs, maybe we can get coffee together sometime? PLZ B MY FIONA TO MY SHREK **When:** Wednesday, July 22, 2015. Where: Tnt espresso company. You: Woman. Me: Woman.

FRIDAY QUEEN ANN CAFE ZINGARO

Came in friday night with my friend after the bite of seattle. You helped this old lady with the internet. Soooo this old lady with the internet. Socoo cute. Tried not to stare, noticed your smile. Sad for not talking to you, another chance? :) When: Friday, July 17, 2015. Where: Queen Ann. You: Man. Me: Woman. #921192

DELIGHTED

You: Amazon @ Pride. Me: Not pro, yet called. Re: Quik Pic. Sum: Copy, tea or...? When: Sunday, July 5, 2015. Where: Seattle Center. Transsexual (male to female). Me: Man. #921191

UP FRONT! AT AGAINST ME!

You: short hair, blue eyes, seat belt buckle bag. Rocking at the front of the stage. Knew all the songs Me: right by you, glasses,rocking too but distracted by you. Regretting not getting a chance to meet. Coffee/tea sometime? When: Sunday, July 19, 2015. Where: the nep-You: Woman. Me: Man. #921190

LATE NIGHT GROCERIES

. You wanted a larger quart of whipping cream. I tried and failed. You long curly hair and stunning. Me pierced and tattooed freak. Let me get vou a basket next time! You're adorable! Come visit again! When: Saturday, July 18, 2015. Where: Ballard QFC. You: Woman. Me: Woman. #921189

CUTEST TWOSTEP EVER CLUB SUR

You were that fun-sized bite of silky smooth chocolate with pop rocks inside, in knee high soccer socks, little black shorts, belly tight, arms in flight, sights set on me, lazily... a tall blond surfer too amazed to be talking When: Friday, July 17, 2015. Where: Club Sur Cruise Control Deep Bass EDM Show. You: Woman. Me: Man. #921188

SAFEWAY, MADISON AVE, CAPITOL HILL

You wore a black american-flag and eagle shirt. Brownish hair. We made eve contact as we passed in an isle. Again during self checkout. You finished checking and vanished. I tried chasing you down. I carried a White motorcycle helmet. When: Sunday, July 12, 2015. Where: Safeway on Madison Ave Capitol You: Woman. Me: Man.

PIPE-ING HOT AT

VOLUNTEER PARK
'As You Like It,' Volunteer Park, last
Sunday. Smoking a crazy Sherlock
Holmes pipe. You laughed at all the right parts. You put on a sexy leather jacket when it got chilly. Who are you? Help me solve the mystery. When: Sunday, July 12, 2015. Where

REDWEST A AND PINE STREET

You: 5'4", wavy hair, works on first floor of Redwest A. Me: Worked on floor of Redwest A. Me: Worked on 2nd floor, but no longer. We made eye contact on Pine St on Friday July 17th. Would love the chance to get to know you. When: Friday, July 17, 2015. Where: Pine Street. You: Woman. Me: Man. #921185

I ALINDRY EVENING OF THE 15TH

You and I had fun chatting about tissue-paper clothes, etc. My friend said she thought you were flirting with me, I said you were just being nice. Did I misread it? If not, I apologize if I seem the goon. When: Wednesday, July 15, 2015. Where: Laundry. You: nan. Me: Man. #921184

OUTSIDE PATAGONIA

I was standing on the sidewalk after leaving Patagonia. You were walking briskly into Patagonia. Thought you turned back to look at me. I smiled. Thought you were cute.
When: Tuesday, July 14, 2015.
Where: Outside Patagonia. You:
Man. Me: Transsexual (female to male), #921183

THANKSGIVING DECOR HOBBY LOBBY EVERETT

I was looking for items secretly decorate coworker's office, your name: Sara(h) enjoys decorating your house seasonally, who helped me find the perfect item! i got everything i needed except for your phone number! Let's get some coffee & decorate!! When: Monday, July 13, 2015. Where: Hobby Lobby Everett. N Woman. Me: Man. #921182

MS VS. ANGELS SECTION 316

dark haired girl with glasses You: dark haired girl with glasses. Me: dark haired man in a black denim jacket with a misfits patch. You were with your mom and my friends were not helping. Finde at Green Lake Village PCC. **When: Saturday,** July 11, 2015. Where: Safeco Field. You: Woman. Me: Man. #921179

HOLE IN ONE VICTORY

You got a hole in one on Amazeballs. I gave you a token and you stayed around chatting with me. Come back again soon. Maybe you'll swing my way this time. When: Friday, July 10, 2015. Where: Smash Putt. You: Woman. Me: Woman. #821181 #921181

MICHELLE, YOU GORGEOUS GREENLAKE REDHEAD

You and your friend walked over to meet my pup. Your beauty has been lingering in my mind ever since.
Walk the lake some time? When:
Wednesday, July 8, 2015. Wednesday, July 8, 2015 Where: Greenlake. You: Woman Me: Man. #921176

CUTE REDHEAD WITH ROBOT LUNCHBOX

Vour cute green dress and polka dot blouse caught my attention. Wanted to say something but didn't. You got off at the university. Coffee? When: Wednesday, July 8, 2015. Where: on the 72 bus. You: Woman. Me: Man. #921175

FRONT ROW - TRANS AM

You. Tall, smiling, wearing white, rocking out. Have a feeling amazing taste music isn't even your most attractive trait. Me. Bearded, also smiling, tive trait. Me. Bearded, also smilling, derby hat & olive green, also rocking out. Broke gaze on band to admire you're glow— When: Tuesday, July 7, 2015. Where: Crocodile. You: Woman. Me: Man. #921174

I STILL THINK ABOUT YOU

We met at the Boeing Family day,in Everett on 08/23/09 at the East72 gate.I was working.You were an Asian lady and i was too shy.l would love to be your friend and hopefully you will feel the same. When: Monday, August 23, 2010. Where: at the east #72 gate. You: Woman. Me: Man. #921173

PETE FROM CZECH!

Pete, we stayed together at Roy St. for a little while. My name is Manda. I lost your contact info and I'm wor-ried about you! Please contact me as soon as you see this! When: Wednesday, May 1, 2013. Where: Near Space Needle. You: Man. Me: Woman. #921172

ASHLEY CATCHING BUS ON

ASHLEY CAICHING BUS ON EASTLAKEAVEE
You're Ashley and you live in Cap.
Hill. Mine is Chris. You asked me for a cigarette. We had fun conversation.
You said I helped pass the time really well. You almost missed your bus...
Wish you had. Find me. When:
Wednesday, July 1, 2015.
Where: Bus stop at Mercer and Eastlake Ave E. You: Woman.
Me: Man. #921171

YOU, DENNY-BLAINE-BEACH.

ME, ROSÃ-⊚.

You: yoga-bod at Denny-Blaine-Beach. Me, drinking rosÃ-© from the bottle w/friend. You offered cups. Me, too stupid to realize you were flirting. What colour were the cups and when are you going to find me. and when are you going to find me and take me out? x When: Sunday, July 5, 2015. Where: Denny Blaine Beach. You: Woman. Me: Woman, #921170

MEGAN GREEN LAKE CHOCOLATI 7/4

You: Megan from 80th. Bought my chai & introduced yourself. I: Maura chai & introduced yourself. I: Maura from 73rd. Leggings with Pride flag pattern on the front, stars & stripes on the back. I left, flustered, too soon. When: Noon. Can I buy *you* something? When: Saturday, July 4, 2015. Where: Green Lake Chocolati. You: Woman. Me: Woman. #921169

WATERMELON HELMET PRIESTESS

I biked alongside you chatting. Thought you were a friend, turns out you were just a beautiful kind watermelon crowned person. Only after I rode off did I think of asking for your number. Is it too late? When: Wednesday, July 1, 2015. Where: 12th ave and east cherry st. You: Woman. Me: Man. #921168

MAZDA3 125TH AND GREENWOOD

You driving a light colored Mazda3, wearing a white blouse. Son in the back seat. You both looked at me and smiled, made my evening! Meet for more smiles for drinks/coffee? We stopped at 125th going south on Greenwood. When: Wednesday, July 1, 2015. Where: Driving South on Greenwood Ave N. You:

REDHEAD ON THE 545

take the 545, you catch me looking, act like I'm not. Rinse, Wash, Repeat You sat down across from me today when there were tons of open seats. made my day. When: Wednesday, July 1, 2015. Where: 545 You: Woman. Me: Man. #921166

WENGWOOD RROUER MONDAY 6/29

You: eating alone across from two loud, giggly girls/chicks/broads. You were a distraction and I apologize if the times you caught me glancing at you was uber-creepy. It couldn't be helped....you're a very handsome man. That is all. Carry on. When: Monday, June 29, 2015. Where: Wedgwood Broiler. You: Man. Me: Woman, #921165

ELI MOM AT 100 TATTOO

Eli. It's Genessa. We met at Pride and talked about job possibilities. You texted me and I somehow deleted your number. Please text me again. I want to help. I keep thinking about Happy liberation my friend! When: Sunday, June 28, 2015. Where: PrideFest Main Stage Beer Garden. You: Man. Me: Woman. #921164

WESTCREST DOG PARK SUNDAY 6/28

You were with 3 dogs and wearing a smile and a lovely, flowing sundress that left me wanting more of both. Me with 2 german shepherds. Let's meet again sometime and see if our animals can play nice? When: Monday, June 29, 2015. Where: Westcrest Dog Park. You: Woman. Me: Man. #921162

RADIANT CUTIE AT P.C.C.

Piper at Green Lake PCC, damn you're gorgeous, with a smile that resonates long after you've given it.. Let's have a conversation sometime When: Saturday, June 20, 2015. Where: Green Lake P.C.C.. You: Woman. Me: Man. #921161

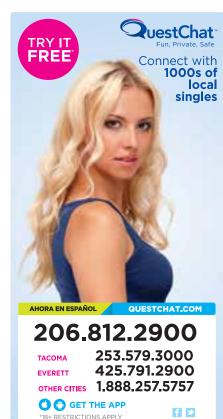
ONE EYED PURPLE PEOPLE EATER

Took pix of you at Solstice. Would love to show them to you. I was on a fold up bike with helmet. I wasn't trying to be lewd... your smile was amazing, your outlook wasincredible. Dinner is on me. When: Saturday. June 20, 2015. Where: Gas Works Park. You: Woman. Me: Man. #921160











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-Customer Service is amazing! Keep up the good work!"

Tobox Usually wines to companies, but after trying many, he eligant enrollers/haminationes, if have to give cried the where creates to due, I have over had such unbellevably pure flavor; in fact, I dish't it shink it was possible for e-squad to be so enjoyable. I due! have if it because it's opposite for e-squad to be so enjoyable. I due! have if it because it's opposite or high possible, sand vapor production can't be beaten in terms of flavor, quality, and vapor production.











SAVAGE LOVE

Girl Party by dan savage

I have always wanted to have a girls-only sex party, but I'm not sure how I feel about actually organizing one. What's the etiquette if I do organize one myself? Do I need to provide the

dildos for people's harnesses? Or just the condoms and lube? And how do I find people who want to attend? Do I just tweet out an invite? Is there a better way that makes me seem less sketchy?

No Snappy Acronym

What I know about hosting girlsonly sex parties could fit inside what I know about the Marvel universe with room left over for what I know about the Higgs boson-and all of that could fit

inside Lindsey Graham's chances of being president with room left over for Donald Trump's humanity.

But luckily for you, NSA, I know someone who knows quite a lot about both girl sex and sex parties.

"Hosting a play party is much like hosting any other party," said Allison Moon, a San Francisco-based writer and sex educator. "You want guests to feel welcome and comfortable this means you provide lube, safer sex supplies, refreshments, and towels and/or puppy pads."

Moon is the author of two popular lesbian werewolf novels and the really terrific memoir $Bad\ Dyke$: $Salacious\ Stories\ from\ a\ Queer\ Life.$ Her most recent book is $Girl\ Sex\ 101$, a terrific sex-ed book "for ladies and lady-lovers of all genders and identities" that features girl-sex wisdom from an array of sex-positive superstars.

Moon has also hosted numerous sex parties, and says hosting a girls-only sex party does not obligate you to break open a piñata full of dildos as your guests arrive.

"Toys are the responsibility of guests," said Moon. "If NSA has a few sparkling-clean vibes and dildos that she doesn't mind using as party favors, by all means put them out. I have a couple of Magic Wands that are great for getting the party started, because there's always someone who's wanted to try one. But she doesn't have to spend a ton of cash outfitting her friends' crotches."

As for finding people who might want to attend your sex party, Moon and $\bar{\mathbf{I}}$ both agree that putting an invite on Twitter—or Facebook or Instagram or Farmers Only or Yik Yak-is a very, very bad idea.

"NSA should stay away from social media to start," said Moon. "Instead, she should make a list of friends who might be down and give them a call to see if they have friends they'd want to bring. Bonus points if she has friends who are up for being used as 'ringers.' Lady parties are notorious for taking hours to warm up-someone has to be the first one in the pool, and a ringer can help get the party started. Or she could consider some ice-breaking games, like spin the bottle, as a goofy way to get the girls ready to grind on each other.'

But let's say you don't have any friends who might want to come to your girls-only sex party-or you're too chicken to ask your friends—is there another way?

"If her slutty-friend pool is small, she could look at sites devoted to sex-positive folks, like FetLife or her local chapter of a leather women's group. But she should be super explicit about her women-only policy if she does post anywhere online, and she should also consider screening guests with a phone call. And I strongly recommend a closed-door policy, i.e., folks must arrive by a certain time or they can't come in. This keeps you from having to monitor the door all night so you can enjoy your own damn party."

You can follow Moon on Twitter @TheAllisonMoon-and you should listen to a really moving story she shared recently on RISK!, Kevin Allison's amazing podcast, about her friend Hans ("Four Orgies and a Funeral"). You can find RISK! on iTunes or at Risk-Show.com.

 ${\it I'm\ an\ early-30s\ gay\ man\ who's\ never\ had}$ much success with relationships. A female friend of mine, we've known each other since college, is generally wonderful but frequently

pesters me with some variant of

"So, when are you gonna settle down with a nice fella?" I try to $deflect\ these\ comments\ without$ being too confrontational because $I\, realize\, she\, wants\, me\, to\, be\, happy,$ but she never seems to get how annoying this is. I'd like some way to indicate "You know relationships are not my forte and you're hurting my feelings" without having to risk hurting hers.

 $Friend \'s\, Annoying\, Question$

So you've allowed a friend to hurt your feelings over and over again because you're worried that telling her to knock it the fuck off might hurt her feelings? Speak the fuck up already, FAQ: "I have no idea if I'm ever going to settle down with a fella, nice or otherwise, and it hurts my feelings when you ask about it. So stop asking. If she persists, then either your friend doesn't care that she's hurting your feelings (malice!) or she's too dense to realize this question hurts vour feelings despite having been told it hurts your feelings (stupidity!). Then you'll have to ask yourself why you're wasting your time on someone who's malicious, stupid, or both.

I've been my boyfriend's girlfriend for two years. We recently graduated high school and are heading off to different colleges in the fall. Is it stupid for us to stay together? We're in love, he's my best friend, and he's my family. But we haven't had sex yet. We've made some progress (oral, hand stuff, etc.), but we've never had penis-in-vagina sex. I asked for it once, and he informed me that he had a moral conflict with sex. That hardly seems plausible: We've done so much else, and he's not religious at all. Is he just not attracted to me? Is he gay? Sometimes I wonder if the difference we have libido-wise is a deal breaker. I can picture a sexless yet emotionally happy marriage with him, but I'm not sure how to feel about that.

Confused, Unsexed, Naive Teen

First things first: Sometimes I create a signoff that, once abbreviated, spells out something cute or funny or relevant. This is not one of those times: I did not come up with this letter

Okay, CUNT, it's entirely possible that your boyfriend is gay. Speaking from experience: It's easier for a closeted gay boy to pretend his girlfriend is his boyfriend during (non-recip) oral and hand stuff than it is during vaginal intercourse. He could be claiming to have a moral conflict with PIV (penis-in-vagina intercourse) when what he actually has is a strong preference for PIG (penis-in-guy intercourse).

It's also possible that your boyfriend isn't that into you, or he's terrified by the thought of impregnating you, or he actually does have some sort of moral qualm about vaginal penetration. Only your boyfriend knows what's up with him, but here's what we know for sure about you: You're 18 years old, you're headed to college, and you and your boyfriend don't click sexually. Break up. You can get back together in a few years if you're both still single, you're both still straight, and you're both still into each other.

But don't settle for someone whose libido and/or sexual interests don't come close to matching your own, CUNT, because a sexless marriage is happy only when sexless works for both spouses.

On the Lovecast, Dan chats with Matt Baume about heroes of the gay marriage fight: savagelovecast.com.

> mail@savagelove.net@fakedansavage on Twitter

Northwest Psychfest

MUSIC July 30–Aug 1, Sunset Tavern (5433 Ballard Ave NW)

Three days of psychedelic music—a genre that has grown to include all that is reverberating and/or trippy, from heavy rock freak-outs to mellow pop haze. Whatever you're into, man, doing some weed will accentuate the rich tapestry that is music. Can you dig it or whatever?

Nearby snack: Señor Moose Cafe (5242 NW Leary Ave) for glorious Mexican food. Start with the esquites—fresh corn with epazote and cream and fried tortillas for dipping.

'A Curious Bestiary: Chimeras and Cryptozoology from American Print Makers'

ART Through Aug 1, Davidson Galleries (313 Occidental Ave S)

You have only a few more days to catch this show of peculiar prints. There's a lot to wonder about: detailed creature hybrids, pets that are actually meat, anthropomorphic beasts hanging out with animalized humans, and a few different takes on animals that are falling apart.

Nearby snack: The London Plane (300 Occidental Ave S) has a thorough menu of daytime tasties, right down to the comprehensive toast section. They also serve themed dinners Wednesday (chicken),

Thursday (pasta), Friday (seafood), and Saturday (couscous). Seems like that could cut down on marijuana-induced menu panic.

'Dan Webb: Break It Down'

ART Through Aug 31, Olympic Sculpture Park (2901 Western Ave)

Pop down to the Olympic Sculpture Park to visit sculptor Dan Webb's performance/ project/whittle-a-thon, during which he sits on the porch of a summer shack he built, carving a fir tree into tinier and tinier sculptures until they are nothing but sawdust. The entire tree will eventually be whittled away by Webb; seeds from the tree will be planted.

Nearby snack: THE OLD SPAGHETTI FACTORY (2801 Elliott Ave) IS SHUTTING DOWN SOON. :(

Wild Sharks!

SHARKS Through Aug 2, Seattle Aquarium (1483 Alaskan Way)

Coooool! Wild sharks! Did you know there are wild sharks that live IN PUGET SOUND? The Seattle Aquarium will tell you all about them during their daily shark talks and activities. Don't forget to visit the octopuses, tropical fish, and underwater viewing dome! (I knew someone who swore that the aquarium was best visited while stoned, alone, and listening to Air in headphones at top volume.)

Nearby snack: It seems kind of weird to go to the aquarium and then go eat seafood, but the pier has a Crab Pot (1301 Alaskan Way), Elliott's Oyster House (1201 Alaskan Way), Ivar's (1001 Alaskan Way), and more if all those little buddies made you hungry. ■

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FREE WILL ASTROLOGY

BY ROB BREZSNY

For the Week of July 29

ARIES (March 21-April 19): "I am very much in love with no one in particular," says actor Ezra Miller. His statement would make sense coming out of your mouth right about now. So would this one: "I am very much in love with almost everyone I encounter." Or this one: "I am very much in love with the wind and moon and hills and rain and rivers." Is this going to be a problem? How will you deal with your overwhelming urge to overflow? Will you break people's hearts and provoke uproars everywhere you go, or will you rouse delight and bestow blessings? As long as you take yourself lightly, I foresee delight and blessings.

TAURUS (April 20-May 20): In her io9.com article on untranslatable words, Esther Inglis-Arkell defines the Chinese term wei-wu-wei as "conscious non-action... a deliberate, and principled, decision to do nothing whatsoever, and to do it for a particular reason." In my astrological opinion, the coming days would be a favorable time to explore and experiment with this approach. I think you will reap wondrous benefits if you slow down and rest in the embrace of a pregnant pause. The mysteries of silence and emptiness will be rich resources.

GEMINI (May 21-June 20): "I always liked side-paths, little dark back-alleys behind the main road—there one finds adventures and surprises, and precious metal in the dirt." The character named Dmitri Karamazov makes that statement in Fyodor Dostoyevsky's novel The Brothers Karamazov. And now I'm thinking that you might like to claim his attitude as your own. Just for a while, you understand. Not forever. The magic of the side paths and back alleys may last for no more than a few weeks, and then gradually fade. But in the meantime, the experiences you uncover there could be fun and educational. I do have one question for you, though: What do you think Dmitri meant by "precious metal in the dirt"? Money? Gold? Jewelry? Was he speaking Metaphorically? I'm sure you'll find out.

CANCER (June 21–July 22): "Sometimes the road less traveled is less traveled for a reason," says comedian Jerry Seinfeld. His implication is that rejecting traditional strategies and conventional wisdom doesn't always lead to success. As a professional rebel myself, I find it painful to agree even a little bit with that idea. But I do think it's applicable to your life right now. For the foreseeable future, compulsive nonconformity is likely to yield mediocrity. Putting too

much emphasis on being unique rather than on being right might distract you from the truth. My advice: Stick to the road more traveled.

LEO (July 23-Aug 22): I expect you to be in a state of constant birth for the next three weeks. Awakening and activation will come naturally. Your drive to blossom and create may be irresistible, bordering on unruly. Does that sound overwhelming? I don't think it will be a problem as long as you cultivate a mood of amazed amusement about it. (P.S. This upsurge is a healthy response to the dissolution that preceded it.)

ViRGO (Aug 23-ept 22): Expiration dates loom. Fond adieus and last laughs and final hurrahs are on tap. Unfinished business is begging you to give it your smartest attention while there's still time to finish it with elegance and grace. So here's my advice for you, my on-the-verge friend: Don't save any of your tricks, ingenuity, or enthusiasm for later. This is the later you've been saving them for. You are more ready than you realize to try what has always seemed improbable or inconceivable before now. Here's my promise: If you handle these endings with righteous decisiveness, you will ensure bright beginnings in the weeks after your hightyday.

LIBRA (Sept 23-Oct 22): A company called Evil Supply sells a satirical poster that contains the following quote: "Be the villain you were born to be. Stop waiting for someone to come along and corrupt you. Succumb to the darkness yourself." The text in the advertisement for this product adds, "Follow your nightmares... Plot your own nefarious path.." Although this counsel is slightly funny to me, I'm too moral and upright to recommend it to you—even now, when I think there would be value in you being less nice and polite and agreeable than you usually are. So I'll tinker with Evil Supply's message to create more suitable advice: "For the greater good, follow your naughty bliss. Be a leader with a wild imagination. Nudge everyone out of their numbing routines. Sow benevolent mischief that energizes your team."

SCORPIO (Oct 23–Nov 21): "Every time you resist acting on your anger and instead restore yourself to calm, it gets easier," writes psychologist Laura Markham in Psychology Today. In fact, neurologists claim that by using your willpower in this way, "you're actually rewiring your brain." And so the more you practice, the less likely it is that you will be addled by rage in the future. I see the coming weeks as an especially favorable time for you to do this work, Scorpio. Keeping a part of your anger alive is good, of course—sometimes you need its energy to motivate constructive change. But

SAGITTARIUS (Nov 22-Dec 21): Much of

the action in the world's novels takes place inside buildings, according to author Robert Bringhurst. But characters in older Russian literature are an exception, he says. They are always out in the forests, traveling and rambling. In accordance with astrological omens, I suggest that you draw inspiration from the Russians' example in the coming days. As often and as long as you can, put yourself in locations where the sky is overhead. Nature is the preferred setting, but even urban spots are good. Your luck, wisdom, and courage are likely to increase in direct proportion to how much time you

CAPRICORN (Dec 22–Jan 19): Has a beloved teacher disappointed you? Are there inspirational figures about whom you feel conflicted because they don't live up to all of your high standards? Have you become alienated from a person who gave you a blessing but later expressed a flaw you find hard to overlook? Now would be an excellent time to seek healing for rifts like these. Outright forgiveness is one option. You could also work on deepening your appreciation for how complicated and paradoxical everyone is. One more suggestion: Meditate on how your longing for what's perfect might be an enemy of your ability to benefit from what's merely good.

AQUARIUS (Jan 20-Feb 18): French and Italian readers may have no problem with this horoscope. But Americans, Canadians, Brits, and Aussies might be offended, even grossed out. Why? Because my analysis of the astrological omens compels me to conclude that "moist" is a central theme for you right now. And research has shown that many speakers of the English language find the sound of the word "moist" equivalent to hearing fingernails scratching a chalk-board. If you are one of those people, I apologize. But the fact is, you will go astray unless you stay metaphorically moist. You need to cultivate an attitude that is damp but not sodden; dewy but not soggy; sensitive and responsive and lyrical, but not overwrought or weepy or histrionic.

PISCES (Feb 19–March 20): Which signs of the zodiac are the most expert sleepers? Who best appreciates the healing power of slumber and feels the least shame about taking naps? Which of the 12 astrological tribes are most inclined to study the art of snoozing and use their knowledge to get the highest-quality renewal from their time in bed? My usual answer to these questions would be Taurus and Cancer, but I'm hoping you Pisceans will vie for the top spot in the coming weeks. It's a very favorable time for you to increase your mastery of this supreme form of self-care.

Homework: Express gratitude for the enemy who has taught you the most: freewill astrology.com.



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